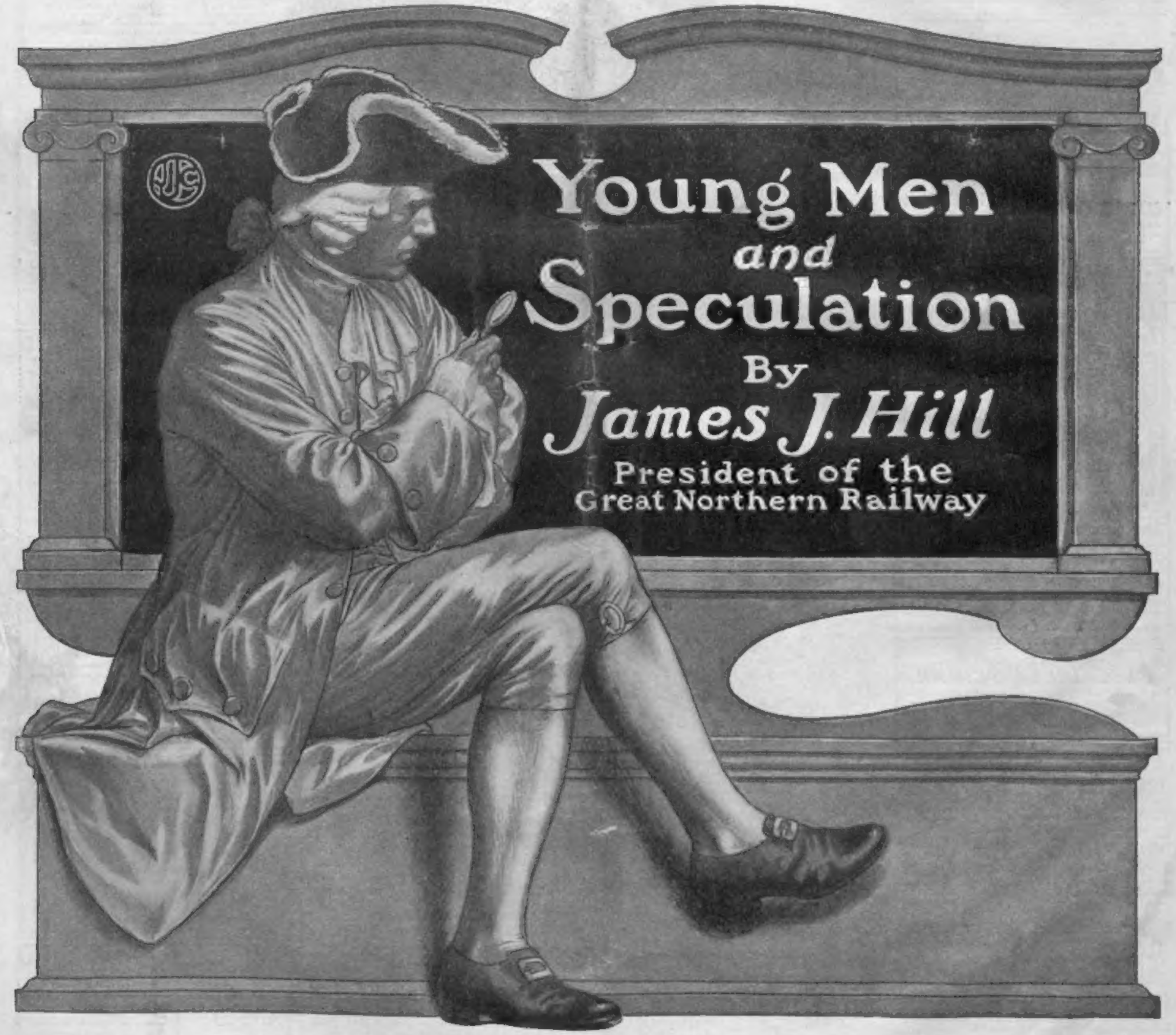
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 174. No. 6 — *Philadelphia, August 10, 1901* — Five Cents the Copy

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch St. London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter



The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

The World is our School Room

Anywhere you can get a technical education and increase your earning capacity. You can earn while learning. Write for free circular: **Salaried Positions for Learners.** It shows how you can become a Civil, Electrical or Mechanical Engineer or Architect. Schools open all summer.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

A COLLEGE IN YOUR COTTAGE

Law, Illustrating, Newspaper Sketching, Pharmacy, Medical Branches, Journalism

Thoroughly taught by our new, clear, concise system of correspondence instruction—

Teaching and Reciting by Mail

Foremost professional correspondence schools. Long experience; ample means. ENROLL NOW. Write today for Catalogue of course desired.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
11 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The University Preparatory School Ithaca N.Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1888. Boarding and Day Departments. Complete Home. Regent's Certificates in Law and Medicine. Summer Term from July 16 to Sept. 15. Fall Term opens Sept. 26 for year 1901-'02.

Of the school, President Schurman says: "I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster, Avenue E, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Plan of Instruction at

CASCADILLA SCHOOL

is flexible, and provides for any course at any college. Heartily endorsed by President Schurman of Cornell. For catalogue, address

C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Ithaca, N. Y.

Utica, N.Y. Conservatory of Music

EDWARD B. CLENE and ROBERT J. HUGHES, Directors

Music in all its branches, Elocution, Languages, English Literature, Drawing, Painting, Physical Culture, Dancing, etc. Faculty of distinguished specialists. Unsurpassed advantages for Year Courses. Send for new catalogue. Address

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Utica, N. Y.

New York University Law School

Sixty-seventh year opens Oct. 1, 1901. Day Classes with sessions from 3.30 to 6 P. M. (LL. B. after two years.) Evening Classes, sessions 8 to 10 P. M. (LL. B. after three years.) Graduate Classes lead to LL. M. Tuition, $100. For circulars address

L. J. TOMPKINS, Registrar, Washington Sq., N. Y. City

MONTCLAIR Military Academy

We prepare for any college, government academy or business. Small classes. Large gymnasium. Healthful location. Address for catalogue:

JOHN G. MacVICAR, A. M., 7 Walden Place, Montclair, New Jersey

Detroit University School

Will reopen September 24, 1901. An Incorporated Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys. Home Department for Forty Boys in new building. Laboratories, shops, gymnasiums, athletic field. For Calendar address Secretary Detroit University School, 13 Elmwood, Detroit, Mich. FREDERICK L. HOSMER, Principal

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Ballooning for Electricity

The fact that there are immense quantities of electricity going to waste in the atmosphere, which ought to be utilized for the benefit of mankind, has led many inventors to try to discover some method whereby the elusive fluid thus unavailable might be harnessed.

One method, which was patented not long ago, employed a balloon which was studded all over with projecting metal points. This was to be sent up into the air, and it was expected that a current, engendered through the aid of the spiky arrangement, would travel down a wire rope to the ground and make itself useful for the purpose of a telegraph.

Another scheme involved the erection of an exceedingly tall pole, down which was to run a wire, connected at the bottom with a motor. The wire was to be "grounded," and the atmosphere was expected to complete the circuit between the ground and the top of the pole. If desired, the current thus obtained was to be utilized for charging storage batteries—obviously a cheap and easy way to put away large quantities of readily available electricity.

The newest idea of this character was patented only the other day, and requires the employment of a ring-shaped balloon, which, with the aid of a machine on the ground, is alternately pulled down and permitted to rise. In this way the energy is furnished for revolving two horizontal fans, one on each side of the balloon, and the fans cause the balloon to revolve likewise.

The balloon is provided with a number of iron points on its periphery, and in going around it gathers on the spikes the electricity, which is conveyed by means of a wire to the earth.

Inoculating Seeds with Germs

One is tempted to inquire for what purpose seeds of plants should be inoculated with micro-organisms, in view of the fact that a method for performing such a process was patented the other day.

It appears that seeds of pod-bearing vegetables, such as pease and beans, are particularly referred to, inasmuch as those plants derive important benefit from certain bacteria which form curious tubercles or excrescences on their roots. These tubercles help the pease or beans, in a manner that is not well understood as yet, to absorb nitrogen from the atmosphere.

Owing to recognition of the fact, intelligent farmers nowadays try to help their leguminous crops by inoculating the soil with such germs.

The best way of accomplishing the purpose thus far tried has been to sprinkle the plowed ground with fluid "cultures" of the desirable bacteria. In Germany the germs are put up in bottles and sold, the farmer being thus enabled to do the rest of the business for himself. All he has to do is to pour the contents of the phial into a barrel full of dilute beef-tea or some suitable gelatine solution, and he will soon have many gallons of stuff that is literally swarming with the microscopic organisms.

However, the new invention above referred to is declared to embody a superior method of arriving at the same result. The seeds are soaked in water until the damaged or dead ones rise to the surface. Then, the water being poured off, the pease or beans are covered with fresh water that is impregnated with the proper germs. In this impregnated water they are left until they begin to swell, when they are ready for sowing.

The inventor proposes to sell his germ-cultures in bottles, with instructions accompanying, and he asserts that by his process the plants are sure to be properly infected with the requisite bacteria from the start.

Broom-Corn for Food

A new kind of cereal food for human consumption is to be introduced in this country, if the Department of Agriculture can persuade people to eat it. It is broom-corn millet, and the plant was brought hither from Europe not long ago by botanical agents of the Government, for use as forage. However, there is no reason why it should not furnish an article of diet for people, inasmuch as it may be prepared in many appetizing ways. It produces, under favorable conditions, sixty bushels of grain (seed) to the acre, so that, in view of its high nutritious qualities, it is a most economical and otherwise desirable plant.

This broom-corn millet is so called because, when growing in the fields, it looks like broom-corn. There are a number of varieties, and the seeds (that is, the hulls of them) are of different colors—yellow, white, brown and gray. A graceful spreading tassel crowns the stalk.

In Russia, where the plant is grown almost wholly for use as human food, it is called "proco." People in that country eat it for breakfast in a form like oaten grits, or press the grits into cakes and use them with soup. The cereal also appears on their table in pancakes, such as we make out of buckwheat or Indian corn. Among the peasants, especially in the region of the Volga, the broom-corn millet is largely consumed.

One may judge of its popularity, indeed, when it is stated that from sixty to seventy million bushels of the grain are produced in Russia yearly. A special study was made of it recently by Dr. M. A. Carleton, who was sent to Russia by Secretary Wilson to gather agricultural information. He says that the broom-corn millet can be grown most successfully in this country in the northern plains region—in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Nebraska.

Human Life Prolonged

One fact brought out by the Twelfth Census is of more practical importance than all the rest put together. It is that within the last ten years the average term of life enjoyed by a citizen of the United States has increased perceptibly, the death rate having decreased one and one-half per annum for every 1000 of population.

This decrease is due mainly to the circumstance that fewer people die of typhoid fever, consumption, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, troubles of the nervous system, and diarrhœal complaints. Medical knowledge of means for combating diphtheria and croup has improved to such an extent that the mortality from those diseases has been reduced one-half.

On the other hand, certain diseases have killed off a greater number of people in the last decade than previously, and among these cancer, Bright's disease, heart disease, dropsy and pneumonia are conspicuous. It is more than suspected that the use of alcohol has much to do with the multiplication of troubles of these kinds, our national "drink bill" having averaged over seventeen and one-half gallons per capita each year since the census of 1890.

Dr. George M. Kober, Professor of Hygiene in Georgetown University (D. C.), calls attention to the fact that in three hundred years the average length of human life has been doubled. In the sixteenth century it was between 18 and 20 years; at the close of the eighteenth it was a little over 30 years, and to-day it is over 40 years. Indeed, the span of life has been lengthened about six years since 1880, thanks to modern sanitation and medical discoveries.

Doctor Kober believes that no two factors have contributed so much to the lengthening of human life as the improvement of the air we breathe and of the water we drink. Indeed, we have ample evidence that, with the introduction of sewers and public water supplies, the mortality of large cities in the last forty years has been reduced fully one-half.

Copyrighted 1900 by Tennyson Sisters

A Witch

HAVING had such a demand for the Hayseed and Lucky Dog, we have added another to this series of artistic heads. A Witch, either in black and white or in color, is a cheerful addition to any room, and is particularly adapted for the cottage or den.

We offer the above reproduction, 7 x 9 inches, suitably mounted and securely packed, sent prepaid, for $1.00. The same, hand-colored, $2.00. Either of the above suitably framed, $1.00 additional.

Complete Catalogue of Beacon Hill Prints, 5c

Celebrity Photo and Art Co., 256 Boylston St., Boston

On your Summer Outing take a box of
Huyler's
DELICIOUS BONBONS CHOCOLATES
Sent Everywhere by mail or express.
863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AGENTS EARN $75 TO $250 A MONTH

Selling Transparent Handle Knives

An article of every-day use. Every person a possible customer. Best of materials and workmanship. Name, address and emblems of societies and trades, photos, etc., beneath indestructible handles. Many other advantages make large and rapid sales.

We want agents everywhere

Good commission paid. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. If interested in agency work send for agents' terms.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

Spring Bed — IDEAL FOSTER'S — Spring Bed

Made for Wood or Metal Bedsteads

It is all that its trade-mark name implies for sleep and rest. Order one of your dealer for trial.

MONEY BACK IF DESIRED

Have never been asked to refund. Look for brass nameplate, "Ideal," on bed. Take no substitute. Write for our booklet, "Wide-Awake Facts About Sleep," mailed free. Address Dept. A.

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 4 Brand St., Utica, N. Y.

As Clean as Home-made Bread

SEN-SEN TRADE MARK GUM

LEARN TO BE AN AD WRITER

From the most successful ad. writers of Chicago's great stores. Men or women eligible. Three months' course. Prospectus on application.

Chicago Correspondence College of Advertising
Suite F, 611 Isabella Building
CHICAGO

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Young Men and Speculation

By James J. Hill

President Great Northern Railway

THERE is no substitute for hard work in winning success. There is always an element of chance, but it is never the predominating element. Chance simply presents the opportunity, and opportunity is merely a vehicle for human endeavor. The man, young or old, who thinks otherwise, who believes that it is luck alone that makes riches, and ill luck that keeps men poor, starts out with a false notion. It is inevitable that he should come to grief in the scheme of life. The craze for speculation that sweeps over the community now and then grows largely out of the conviction that success is luck. Such a craze is more injurious to the prospects of the young men who are carried away by it than war or pestilence. It means not alone the loss of money, but the ruination of character. It leaves its victims standing on a false platform where they are consumed with a desire to get something for nothing, and lose all appetite for hard work. It unfits them for sincere effort, and almost without exception produces a demoralization that blights their entire existence. Whether the young man who makes his first speculative venture wins or loses the result is equally bad. If there is any difference at all it is in favor of the man who comes out a loser in his first venture. With him at least there is a chance that he will wake up to the hopelessness of speculation as a means of acquiring wealth, and that the lesson taught will result in leaving him a useful working member of society, instead of a drone who thinks that he may get along by dipping into the honey-pots of others.

The Few Who Speculate and Win

Now and then men arise who happen to make a success of speculation, who make something out of nothing. These men are so rare that the entire list may be checked off on the fingers of two hands. Unfortunately they are taken as fair examples, instead of extraordinary exceptions. Their names and fame are paraded in the public prints and the public mind is inflamed by chronicles of their successful ventures. That they stand as survivors of a system that has wrecked thousands and hundreds of thousands is not taken into account. The unfortunates who have gone down to ruin and beggary are never heard of. They are not interesting and their history never finds the light of day except where, here and there, one more desperate than the rest puts an end to his existence under sensational circumstances.

The conditions in the United States to-day are such that any man who starts out with industry, intelligence and honesty has a chance for success such as was never known before anywhere in the world. America has taken a foremost rank industrially among the nations of the world. The result is that any man who wants to work can find the opportunity. If he is intelligent and keeps his wits about him, and if he has in him the right material, he can get to the front no matter how humble his start or how poor his circumstances.

There is always room at the top, and just at present the road that leads to the top runs through pleasant valleys. It was never easier. The demand for men of brains and capacity is far and away beyond the supply. Capital is looking everywhere for the right man to direct it, and the men who control capital are willing to pay handsomely for such a man when found. Our industrial development has been at a rate to confound the most optimistic, and it requires only a slight examination to convince any one that with all our development in the past few years we are only at the beginning. In such a situation the men who have the capacity, and who are content to work, cannot fail. The danger to them lies not in this direction. It is bred rather out of our very prosperity, which is so pronounced that in many minds it generates a desire to get rich overnight.

An Era of Wind and Water Companies

On every hand speculative ventures are offered to the public on an unwholesome basis. It requires some strength of character to withstand the temptation to participate in this game. Sound principles are applied to false premises. Experience has taught us that industrial consolidations are beneficial, and straightway the idea is used to foist on the public worthless properties by the score, under the guise of "consolidated enterprises." The most casual examination will prove that these concerns are largely wind and water, but so eager are foolish investors that they do not devote the slightest effort to getting at the facts. They take the statements of the promoters for granted and throw their money away on the basis of a glittering prospectus.

A lot of holes in the ground are exploited, by a cunning promoter, as a great mining property promising all sorts of fabulous returns, and straightway thousands of gullible people are found to buy the stock. An enterprising promoter gets hold of a couple of little bakeshops, and in twenty-four hours organizes a consolidated baking company, the stock of which he works off on the community. This sort of thing has been carried so far that it is a serious menace, and it behooves the Government to take some action that will protect innocent, though misguided, people. It ought not to be difficult to find a remedy for the evil. A Federal law could undoubtedly be framed to cover it.

When these worthless concerns operate only in one State the trouble may be harder to contend with, but when they branch out, as most of them do, into two or more States, they come naturally under the supervision of the National Government and the provisions of interstate commerce. Their books could be inspected and the true state of affairs published to the world. The stockholders could be made liable for a long period after they parted with their holdings. This would have the effect of making people cautious about investing in properties regarding which they are not clearly informed, and in which they have not the fullest confidence. Such a liability provision is in force in several European countries, with the result that the scheme of organizing worthless concerns and foisting them on the public is an unpopular enterprise.

There could be no reasonable opposition made either to Government inspection and regulation of such organizations or to the personal liability of stockholders. The honest man could not be damaged. He would be more careful about giving his name and money to enterprises offered for his support. The dishonest one would be checked and controlled. Business usage holds the natural citizen, the individual, to a strict accounting in his business affairs. Why should the artificial citizen, the corporation, be permitted to escape such accountability? If anything, the corporation is entitled to less consideration than the individual, for the individual renders to the State services that are impossible in the case of the corporation. The individual bears arms, organizes the Government and protects society. None of these burdens fall on the artificial citizen—the corporation. Therefore it is just that a stricter control should be exercised, if necessary, in the case of the latter.

Combinations that Throttle Competition

But Government supervision alone should not be relied upon to combat the evil of overcapitalization and the formation of unsound consolidations. There should be a healthy public sentiment behind the movement. People should be made to understand the danger, and be educated into a state of mind in which they would not lend themselves to the wiles of dishonest promoters. At the same time they should be made to understand that there is nothing more beneficial to the community than the combination of sound business interests on a sound basis. Where business concerns in the same line are brought together under one management and economies are effected in administration, a distinct gain results to the people at large. The cost of production is lowered and the public is, or ought to be, the gainer. The application of this idea in our industries, cutting down as it has the expense of the executive and supervisory departments, has been an important factor in gaining control for America of foreign markets.

Abroad the idea is not as yet thoroughly appreciated, and the result is that European goods are still encumbered with the cost of a great deal of non-productive and unnecessary labor. This gives us a distinct advantage in all those lines in which consolidation has been legitimately and wisely applied.

In the past (and in some cases the fault still exists) business consolidations were often formed under false ideas. Manufacturers got together under one management, not for the purpose of reducing the cost of goods to the consumer, but for the purpose of eliminating competition and imposing upon the public by raising prices. Where this is the case the combinations are most harmful, both to the individual and to the State, and the Government may well step in to enforce a change. Indiscriminate and senseless competition is bad, but it is not nearly so bad as a combination that throttles competition in order to rob the consumer.

The men at the head of most of our industrial enterprises thoroughly realize this fact, and in forming combinations they take the broad view. They understand that the economies they effect by getting together may very well be applied to a reduction in the price of their products, and that such a reduction is the soundest sort of business. It begets an enlarged consumption and a consequent enlarged prosperity. This means the employment of many additional workers. Every allied industry will feel the impetus of such extension, and the country in general will share in the results.

Public Partnership in Private Corporations

There are quite a number of people, even among our most advanced thinkers, who seem unable to grasp the advantages that accrue to the nation from proper trade combinations. Some see in them a menace to the liberty of the individual. Others, again, profess that the formation of such enterprises, with their vast capitalization, fosters a spirit of "gross materialism," and breeds the concentration of wealth.

These assertions are still to be proven. So far as we have gone, combinations formed under proper conditions have very generally shown excellent results for the stockholders and the public alike. Instead of concentrating wealth they seem rather to have distributed it, for whereas, under the old conditions, the owners of these properties were to be numbered by the score or by the hundred, they are now to be numbered by the thousand. Instead of proving dangerous to the liberty of the individual workers they have made it possible for these workers to become active partners and profit-sharers without asking any man's permission. The worker need only save his money, and go out into the open market and buy stock. Formerly, when industrial enterprises were generally controlled by one or two families, they were close corporations, and to become a partner in them was a long process, success depending entirely on the good will of the head of the concern.

Many men are taking advantage of the new system. And the more progressive corporations foster the plan, by making special inducements to their employees to become stockholders. The men at the head of these corporations know that the most desirable worker is he who has an interest in the profits he helps to create. This plan helps to bring out the talent in the ranks, and talent is what every corporation is constantly on the lookout for. Without an accession of new talent an enterprise must soon stand still, and in these days of active competition to stand still is to retrograde.

Beneficiaries of the New Order its Sharpest Critics

Some of the sharpest critics of the new business order are to be found among our college presidents and professors. They have condemned the consolidations in unmeasured terms on the ground, among others, that they aggravate what they call the "intense commercialism" of the age. From their utterances it would appear that our devotion to business is one of the distressing signs of the times. If these gentlemen would look at the matter calmly they would realize that even from their own standpoint there is nothing to compare in importance with our business spirit. The commercialism that they condemn so freely has stimulated the acquisition of many large fortunes, out of which a liberal share has gone for the

(Concluded on Page 14)

BY MYSTERY GATE

By M. E. M. Davis

"BY ST. PETER and his keys," murmured Pierre Duplantier, seating himself for a moment on the only chair in the room, "what a coincidence! The first of May, the birthday of my Cousin Jeanne, and the annual gathering of my harvest—these arrive hand in hand! simultaneously! in a body! It is true," he continued, proceeding to make—it must be confessed in a summary and somewhat slighting fashion—the bed from which he had just arisen—"it is true that my Cousin Jeanne's birthday comes invariably on the first of May, and that for the past five years on the morning of my Cousin Jeanne's birthday I have gathered my harvest. Ah, but she is adorable, *ma petite cousine!*" He paused in the act of shaking up a knobby bolster and leaned against the headboard of the bed to indulge in a day dream—a joyous one, judging by the smile which hovered about his lips.

Pierre-Joseph Duplantier de Beltran—to give him his full complement of names—looked younger even than his twenty-six years: the careless grace of his slight figure, his buoyant movements, his alert glance—these gave him the air of one who has hardly yet held out his hand to life, in greeting; his thin characteristic Creole face with its dark expressive eyes and fine white forehead, was almost boyish. The full-length portrait of his great-great-grandfather, the Chevalier Pierre-Joseph Duplantier de Beltran, which in the costume of a page looked down at him from above the mantel, might have been—as his boon companions were wont in happier days to declare—his own counterfeit presentment. And when one remembered the reputation of that long-gone boyish-looking Pierre for courage on the field and debonair bravado in camp and court, his wrist of steel and his singular aptness for handling rapier and colichemarde, "*Ma foi!*" cried these same boon companions; "it is as well not to provoke a quarrel with his beardless descendant!"

But that was five years ago, before the celebrated *affaire Sancier*, the failure of the Sancier Bank, and the consequent loss of the Duplantier fortune. Since then there had been little talk concerning this spoiled child of a Pierre and his lordly ancestor; the former had been relegated to an obscurity almost as absolute as that in which the bones of the latter lay mouldering in Père La Chaise. The portrait itself; the enormous rosewood bedstead with its projecting sidestep and superb carved baldachin; and the huge age-blackened armoire in an alcove of his room, were the sole outer and visible relics of past grandeur remaining in Pierre's possession. There were other things, less tangible, but worth all his lost estates—one thing at least! A vision of gray-blue eyes lighting an imperious young face arose and swam before him on the shaft of early sunlight which penetrated the shutter. Outblown strands of golden hair brushed his cheek, sending a quick fire along his veins. . . . He started violently, laughed, and laid the knobby bolster in its place. Then, with a skill born of long practice, he lighted a fire in the little charcoal furnace on the hearth, and made the cup of coffee which with a roll of stale bread constituted his daily breakfast.

In the business which followed he was less successful. He swore aloud both in French and in English as he approached the dreaded task of pressing his best pair of trousers; he scorched the heap of rags and newspaper which served as a trivet on the improvised board, burned his fingers, and so nearly set the gray cassimere aflame, that he could hardly attain to his customary ease of manner while explaining through the keyhole to his alarmed landlady that the house was not on fire.

"And now," exclaimed Monsieur Duplantier de Beltran, these menial services concluded, "now for the crop!" A gay smile danced in his eyes; he looked like a mischievous child; he rubbed his slender hands gleefully and glanced at the portrait over the mantel. "Pardon, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, bowing low with a hand on his heart; "pardon if I disgrace our high lineage by setting my hand to the plebeian flatiron. I will redeem myself. I will make amends. I will reap my fields, I will bring home my sheaves. Before sunset of this day I will pledge your honorable memory in a bottle of the best wine. And I will lay an offering not unworthy of the Duplantiers de Beltran at the feet of your great-great-granddaughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne-Marie de Verlac."

He dragged a dusty stepladder from a corner, set it against the armoire, and ran nimbly up the rungs, carrying in one hand a battered tin tray, in the other a small hearthbrush. He seated himself on the uppermost rung and searched the top of the armoire with keen eyes, wielding his brush vigorously and singing gayly to the accompaniment of a peculiar rattling sound, as of metal against metal:

"Aimer son pays,
Chanter ses amis,
Voilà le vrai Créole."

His head with its clustering dark curls bent farther and farther over into the cobwebbed obscurity between the ceiling and the armoire-top.

"Buvons de bon vin,
Narguons le chagrin:
Bien fou qui se désole,"

he caroled to the stroke of the brush and the dull clink-clank beneath it.

Pausing at length, he took a match from his vest-pocket, lighted it, and scrutinized the dim corners; finally picking up tray and brush he descended the ladder. "It smacks of the soil, this harvest-home," he laughed, observing the dust on his sleeve and the grime on his hands. He placed the tray on a table and stood regarding its contents. "There seems to be a deficit this year," he commented. "Perhaps it will be something less expensive than champagne, Your Excellency," with an airy wave of his hand toward the Chevalier, who surveyed him with curious eyes from the wall; "but Jeanne's birthday roses shall not be diminished, I promise you; no, not so much as by a single crimson petal!"

He poured the harvest into a basin of clean water, transferred it again to the tray, and drawing his chair up to the table, gravely counted one by one the pile of damp coins—coppers and nickels, with an occasional silver dime, and now and then a twenty-five-cent piece.

It was a habit dating from his early boyhood, learned from a gay old bachelor uncle, who had lived for many years in the Latin Quarter of Paris. From him Pierre had caught the trick of tossing to the top of his armoire, when he came into his room at night, the loose change from his pockets, and leaving the accumulating treasure in its dusty hiding-place for a whole year. What a rollicking day it was in that old time before the *affaire Sancier*, when with a dozen or more of his friends, lads like himself, about him, in the grand Duplantier mansion in Rue Royale, he mounted the ladder and with his own hands, as now, proceeded to this harvest reaping. How they all gathered around the table while—as now—he counted the coins. There were few coppers then, but silver, silver, silver! with princely gleams here and there of gold. What choruses shook the walls to the clink of the coins, and the pounding of young fists on the tables. Then, as now, the Chevalier stared out of his great gilt frame, the eyes of his head sparkling in his forever-young face, taking note of the rich furniture, the costly bibelots, the extravagant bravery of this *enfant gâté* of a Pierre! What banquets followed, with the memory of the Chevalier drunk from the family crystal in age-mellowed wine from the Duplantier cellars!

All this came back to the young man as he counted the copper cents, the nickels and the occasional bits of silver, laying them coin for coin in three equal heaps before him. Truly that was a gallant time!

"Aimer son pays,
Chanter ses amis,
Voilà le vrai Créole."

He hummed the tune more softly. And Jeanne? Jeanne then was still in the schoolroom with her golden hair in braids down her back. But even then the thought of this blue-eyed cousin (thrice-removed) was like a cool, soft hand drawing him gently back from certain beckoning paths, alluring but dangerous.

"Toi seul a su me plaire,
Ma belle Créole aux yeux bleus,"

he changed his tune to sing.

Well, and after the *affaire Sancier*, his father's death and his own sudden plunge into obscurity and the hitherto unknown world of labor, he had held to the trick caught from that grand diable of an uncle, and continued to toss, though

less recklessly the loose change from his pockets to the top of the same armoire—fallen from its high estate in the great Duplantier mansion, to a gallery-room in the lodging-house of Madame Bocage in Rue St. Pierre.

"Ma belle Créole aux yeux bleus."

Three equal heaps. One for Tante Palmyre, one for Grande Cousine Mathilde—superannuated Duplantier gentlewoman, relics of the old régime, whom out of his slender earnings as a struggling notary he contrived to support—and one, well, one for himself—that is to say, one for his Cousin Jeanne's birthday roses.

His heart leaped at thought of the first bunch of red roses he ever had sent her! It was after the *affaire Saucier*, and when he had conceived the happy idea of bringing into conjunction the gathering of the harvest, Jeanne's birthday and the first of May. Could he ever forget how she smiled at him that night over the fragrant armful of crimson blossoms!—while the more worldly-wise Duplantiers present commented on his reckless extravagance.

Regularly since, Mademoiselle de Verlac, now an heiress in her own right, and a brilliant belle, had received her birthday roses—Monsieur Pierre-Joseph Duplantier de Beltran's third of the yearly crop from the top of the ancient armoire, though Monsieur's wardrobe needed replenishing and Monsieur's palate became a stranger to the cuisine of his race.

"You are quite right, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, rising at length and dropping three stuffed envelopes into his coat-pocket. He swept another bow to his courtly forbear. "She is not for me, the rich heiress, Mademoiselle de Verlac: *pas pour moi*, beggar that I am. '*Noblesse oblige*,' did you remark? Oh, yes. I know! Therefore I refrain from telling her by even so much as the quiver of an eyelash, that I love her. But do you grudge me a glance, once a year, from the eyes of *ma belle Créole*, over a bunch of roses? Have you a heart under your satin coat? If not, may the devil fly away with you, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

The morning was still in its infancy when he came out into the street; high-wheeled milk carts were rattling over the cobblestones; groups of fat negresses with baskets on their arms were blocking the banquettes; the praline women were just beginning to whoop their wares; the Widow Noiret had but now taken down the shutters of her little shop at the corner. She looked wistfully at the young notary when he paused at her door. He was so elegant, *ce cher M'sieu Pierre*, who paid down every day for his loaf of bread; and demanded so politely the health of Madame and her little granddaughter, Louisette. Always a bit of rose in his buttonhole, a cane in his gloved hand, and his boots of a blackness to jump at the eye; *Mon Dieu!* She made up her mind on the instant.

"Monsieur Pierre!" He had turned and was hurrying a little with the thought of the florist in his mind; but at the timid, hesitating address he came back.

"Well?" he questioned brightly.

"Oh, M'sieu, it is that——" she stammered, stopped and went on boldly: "M'sieu will doubtless be going to the Flower Parade on Thursday *par exemple?*"

"Eh? The Flower-Parade? I have not heard of the Flower-Parade, Madame."

The Widow Noiret threw up her hands. What! M'sieu had not heard of that parade. It was ex-tra-or-di-naire! Why, it was in all the papers, that Flower-Parade! But, M'sieu! For the orphans!

A torrent of words, half French, half English, poured from her lips.

"There will be carriages; oh, but more than fifty carriages; and floats, the same as at Mardi Gras; all covered with flowers and named for the orphan asylums. And the people will vote for the *voiture* which is the mos' beautiful, and the money will go to that asylum which will riss-cieve the mos' vote. Imagine yourself, M'sieu; the idea is of God! And the furnitures of those horse in that parade will be in decoration. And there will be vote *aussi* for the Queen of the Parade. *Mais c'est magnifique, n'est-ce-pas, M'sieu!*"

Pierre admitted that it was magnificent.

"Also," the eager old voice went on, "in those *voitures* and on those float will be yong lady, *demoiselle du beau monde* and children—*mais des enfants!* from those asylum and . . . *d'autres*. Imagine yourself, M'sieu, Gabrielle Leval's cabbage-head of a niece will r-ride on one of those float dressed like an angel, with wings. My Louisette has been ask' by those lady who have h'arrange' that Parade."

"You will please take note that Monsieur Pierre, your great-great-grandson, has consented——"

Her voice ceased suddenly; her courage had evaporated; she walked behind her little counter and busied herself there with hands that trembled.

But Pierre, with quick intuition, had divined all that she had left unsaid. He looked at the sorrow-seamed old face; and his eyes traveled slowly around the meagre belongings of the shop, while a momentary struggle raged in his soul.

A robe? Wings? Why, that was a very simple matter, he declared, extracting one of the stuffed envelopes from his pocket and laying it down on the counter. "You will do me the honor, Madame? For Louisette?" He stooped to kiss the child who had danced in from the room in the rear; and fled before the Widow Noiret's voluble gratitude.

"And so, good-by to Jeanne's birthday roses," he muttered, turning the corner into Rue Royale. "But what matters one rose more or less at the fête of Mademoiselle de Verlac. Besides—I have been a fool. I will never go near her again."

He converted the two remaining shares of his harvest into banknotes and dispatched these with feverish haste to the Demoiselles Duplantier; and proceeded to his office. "But hold!" he cried, with his hand on the doorknob. "The Chevalier! Since Mademoiselle de Verlac has been mulcted of her roses, Monsieur Pierre-Joseph Duplantier de Beltran, the elder, must needs be pledged in—beer! I blush to say it. He will reproach me with his eyes, the Chevalier! But—decidedly," he concluded irrelevantly, "I will not go to Jeanne's fête."

When he entered the brilliantly-lighted mansion that night, Jeanne's fête was at high tide. Swarms of Duplantiers, old and young, rich and poor, filled the rooms; playing at cards and games, dancing, gossiping, singing, clinking birthday glasses. The young girl herself stood in a bower of palms at the farther end of the long salon, exchanging compliment and repartee with the gay group surrounding her. She carried no flowers, though a table was heaped with bouquets of red and white roses.

"Mademoiselle has not the heart to break a dozen or more hearts by choosing from among her bouquets," Gaston Allard had just remarked.

"Not at all," retorted a pert blue-ribboned Duplantier miss near him; "my Cousin Jeanne is waiting for my Cousin Pierre's roses—eh, Jeanne! And here he comes, apropos!"

Pierre advanced through the crowd, seeing only the slender figure in the diaphanous white gown, hearing only the soft murmur of Jeanne's voice, as his lips brushed her outstretched hand.

"But he has brought no roses!" continued the schoolgirl in an aggrieved tone. "Cousin Pierre, where are Jeanne's birthday roses?"

"Perhaps they have gone elsewhere!" suggested Mademoiselle de Verlac lightly, though her fair cheeks flushed.

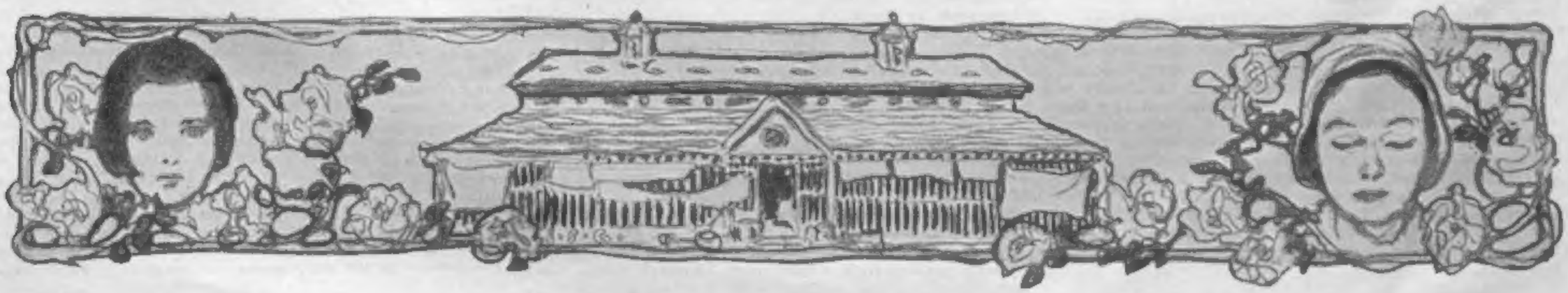
"True," admitted Pierre, laughing to cover his embarrassment; "they have gone . . . elsewhere."

"He is studying economy at last, *ce beau gaspilleur*," remarked a worldly-wise Duplantier aside.

Jeanne stayed indifferent eyes for a second on the handsome face before her, then turned to listen to the gossip concerning the great Flower-Parade.

"Who will vote for me?" she demanded gayly. "For I, myself, am to drive in the Parade. How many votes are offered me as Queen of Love and Beauty?"

"*Vive la Reine!*" shouted the group in unison. "We are Your Majesty's subjects. We throw ourselves at your feet."



"And who," demanded the young girl, turning to Pierre who had stepped back and stood silent without the circle—"who, may I ask, is the candidate of Monsieur Pierre-Joseph Duplantier de Beltran for the Queen of the Flower-Parade?"

Her tone chilled him to the marrow; he threw up his head with sudden defiance. "Mine? Oh, mine, Mademoiselle, is a charming young girl called Louisette Noiret."

A hubbub of gay voices drowned his further speech: "Aha, Monsieur Pierre! Sly dog!" "Come; where does she live?" "More, more, tell us more!" "Behold the reason why M'sieu hides himself away from his friends!"

Pierre parried the storm with a laugh; but all at once he shrank within himself, his pale cheeks a shade paler. Mademoiselle de Verlac had reached out a hand and picked deliberately from the mass of flowers on the table a huge bunch of red roses; her face above them was itself like a flower. She was smiling across the fragrant pyramid at Gaston Allard, whose card dangled from its ribbons.

"It is better so, Monsieur le Chevalier," he admitted to his sole confidant the next morning, after a night of sleepless despair. "Why should a poor devil like me have a heart—anyhow?"

Mystery Street, which runs a short diagonal course of two blocks, crossing Rue de l'Esplanade on its way to the Fair Grounds, is closed at one end by a small *rubais* shop and at the other by the wide white wings of Mystery Gate. Short is its course, but pleasant; the uneven brick banquettes are flanked on either side by a borderland of grass and weeds, rank in the plant-breeding sunshine; the outer ditches are crowded with greenery and brightened by the intense yellow of the wild mustard, with here and there in the early spring a fleur-de-lis, pale blue or heavenly purple. In the door-yards along this dalliant way there is a tumble of rose-vines and geraniums and tangle-haired children.

Pierre Duplantier descended from the crowded car on Esplanade on the afternoon of the Flower-Parade, and walked toward the Mystery Gate. His face seemed to have lost something of its boyish look; his eyes were less bright, but his step was elastic and he drew the delicious May air into his lungs with the delight of an escaped prisoner. He paused to lean over the low fence of a dormer-windowed cottage hard by the Gate. His brows contracted, and the white eyelids dropped over his eyes. Red roses—Jeanne's roses! were in riotous bloom on a trellis within; one rose baring its core to the breeze tossed a handful of crimson petals full in his face. He caught them in his palm before they fell and thrust them into his vest pocket. "Courage, *mon ami*," he whispered; "it is best! Certainly it is best—for Jeanne!"

Mystery Gate was open, and about it was gathered a busy, buzzing, curious crowd; within the entrance officials and employees were moving about; a decorated float stood near the stables; in the neighborhood of the statue of a jockey-lad which guards the exit a considerable troop of horsemen—gentlemen outriders of the parade—waited in their saddles. Among these Pierre recognized many of his former friends; he noted that Gaston Allard wore a red rose in his buttonhole and he winced in spite of himself. He had a momentary impulse to spring forward and drag him from his prancing horse; a second impulse to shrink away out of sight of inquisitive eyes. But he shook his shoulders and straightened himself with a smile in his place.

Mystery Gate is the back door, as it were, of the Fair Grounds and the Jockey Club Race Track; here enter the horses, the jockeys, turfmen, race-horse owners—in short, all the paraphernalia of the course; and here the great procession was to form. Around at the public entrance on Gentilly Road crowds were pouring into the grand stand; the picturesque old roadway was blocked with the carriages of the *beau monde*.

"Gentilly Road is not for me, any more than is Mademoiselle de Verlac," Pierre smiled to himself. "I belong to the rabble, me." He smiled more genially at the crowd surging into Mystery Street—the straining mass which always gathers to see the hoofs of the horses under the fence or the flying caps above it—from the outside. Bit by bit since his first interview with the Widow Noiret his pockets had been emptied, now for a sheaf of ribbons for Louisette, now for a veil for Louisette, now for a pair of gold shoes for Louisette! Not a coin had been flipped up to the armoire top. An entrance-ticket for Mme. Noiret had left the treasury quite exhausted. "You will not go in by Gentilly Road, *mon garçon*," he continued; "nor by any road. But you may at least stand by Mystery Gate and see the angels enter paradise!"

A sudden shout arose about him. The first carriage—a veritable bower of morning-glories—had turned in from Esplanade and was advancing slowly along Mystery Street; a pair of red-cheeked girls, pretty and smiling under the flower-decked parasols, sat on the driver's box; a fairylike cluster of children wreathed and garlanded filled the vehicle. Another rolling bower, and another, and another, passed into the open gate, a mounted escort closing about each as it entered, and moving forward with it.

Pierre felt a fever mounting to his brain. Would she never come? Perhaps she was ill! Perhaps there had been an accident—at the thought he started violently forward. But he stopped short. Her carriage had approached unaware and was passing the spot where he stood. She sat beneath an immense Easter Lily—herself as white and pure as the flower. The gauzy scarf floating from her shoulders enveloped her like a cloud; she held in her small, firm hands the white ribbons which guided the horses. The entire equipage—wheels, body, top and seats—seemed made of lilies; the trappings of the horses glistened like snow in the sunlight. Half a dozen young girls, crowned and winged, surrounded the central figure. A cry of admiration burst from the crowd. Pierre turned his eyes away from the dazzling vision which alone filled them, and gazed stolidly at the grotesque sign on the cobbler's shop opposite. "Here," it ran, "will your sole be heeled and your tongue be made new." He took out his notebook and made a pretense of scribbling down the inscription.

"M'sieu Pierre. *Tiens!* M'sieu Pierre!" Louisette's shrill little voice burst suddenly from the carriage.

Whether the utterance of his name startled Jeanne into tightening the reins or whether the horses swerved in terror of the crowd cannot be known, but the carriage gave a lurch, and the next instant Louisette had pitched out between the wheels, dragging a great sheaf of lilies with her; the horses were rearing and plunging wildly. Pierre had already darted forward, stooping as he ran. . . . .

The child was unhurt. By the time the horses were quieted, the carriage steadied, and the children soothed, kindly hands had brushed the dust from her skirts, straightened her wings, and lifted her back to her place. "Can you drive on now, Mademoiselle de Verlac?" asked the Marshal, riding up when the excitement had at length subsided; "the procession is waiting. I trust you are not hurt, sir?" he added courteously to the young man, who had stepped back and stood in the throng, hatless, his clothes covered with dust, his arm hanging limply at his side.

Jeanne leaned over and opened her pale lips to speak.

"Not in the least, thank you," with a smile, adding gayly, "*Vive ma Reine*, Louisette!"

Jeanne gathered up the ribbons with a haughty movement of her head and drove on. A small boy handed Pierre his

(*Continued on Page 14*)

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner—By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

Copyright, 1910, by The Curtis Publishing Company

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

BANNON stood looking after her until she disappeared in the shadow of an arc lamp, and after that he continued a long time staring into the blot of darkness where the office was. At last the window became faintly luminous as some one lighted the wall lamp; then, as if it were a signal he had been waiting for, Bannon turned away.

An hour before, when he had seen the last bolt of the belt gallery drawn taut, he had become aware that he was quite exhausted. The fact was so obvious that he had not tried to evade it, but had admitted to himself, in so many words, that he was at the end of his rope. But when he turned from gazing at the dimly lighted window it was not toward his boarding-house, where he knew he ought to be, but back into the elevator that his feet led him. For once, his presence accomplished nothing. He went about without thinking where; he passed men without seeing who they were or what they were doing. When he walked through the belt gallery he saw that the foreman of the big gang of men at work there was handling them clumsily, so that they interfered with each other, but it did not occur to him to give the orders that would set things right. Then, as if his wire-drawn muscles had not done work enough, he climbed laboriously to the very top of the marine tower.

He was leaning against a window-casing—not looking out, for he saw nothing, but with his face turned to the fleet of barges lying in the river—when some one spoke to him.

"I guess you're thinking about that Christmas dinner, ain't you, Mr. Bannon?"

"What's that?" he demanded, wheeling about. Then rallying his scattered faculties he recognized one of the carpenters. "Oh, yes," he said, laughing tardily. "Yes, the postponed Christmas dinner. You think I'm in for it, do you? You know it's no go unless this house is full of wheat clear to the roof."

"I know it," said the man. "But I guess we're going to stick you for it. Don't you think we are?"

"I guess that's right."

"I came up here," said the carpenter, well pleased at the chance for a talk with the boss, "to have a look at this—marine leg, do you call it? I haven't been to work on it and I never saw one before. I wanted to find out how it works."

"Just like any other leg over in the main house. Head pulley up here; another one down in the boot; endless belt running over 'em with steel cups riveted on it to scoop up the grain. Only difference is that instead of being stationary and set up in a tank this one's hung up. We let the whole business right down into the boat. Pull it up and down with that steam winch."

The man shook his head. "What if it got away from you?"

"That's happened," said Bannon. "I've seen a leg most as big as this smash through two decks. Thought it was going right on through the bottom of the boat. But that wasn't a leg that MacBride had hung up. This one won't fail."

Bannon answered one or two more questions rather at random, then suddenly came back to earth. "What are you doing here, anyway?" he demanded. "Seems to me this is a pretty easy way to earn thirty cents an hour."

"I—I was just going to see if there wasn't something I could do," the man answered, a good deal embarrassed. Then, before Bannon could more than echo, "Something to do?" he added: "I don't get my time check till midnight. I ain't on this shift. I just come around to see how things was going. We're going to see you through, Mr. Bannon."

Bannon never had a finer tribute than that, not even what young Page said when the race was over; and it could not have come at a moment when he needed it more. He did not think much in set terms about what it meant, but when the man had gone and he had turned back to the window he took a long breath of the night air and he saw what lay beneath his eyes. He saw the line of ships in the river; down nearer the lake another of Page's elevators was drinking up the red wheat out of the hold of a snub-nosed barge; across the river, in the dark, they were backing another string of wheat-laden cars over the Belt Line switches. As he looked out and listened his imagination took fire again, as it had taken fire that day in the waiting-room at Blake City, when he had learned that the little, one-track G. & M. was trying to hinder the torrent of the Northern wheat.

Well, the wheat had come down. It had beaten a blizzard, it had churned and wedged and crushed its way through floating ice and in the trough of mauling seas; belated passenger trains had waited on lonely sidings while it thundered by, and big rotary plows had bitten a way for it across the drifted prairies. Now it was here and Charlie Bannon was keeping it waiting.

He stood there, looking, only a moment; then, before the carpenter's footsteps were well out of hearing, he followed him down the stairway to the belt gallery. Before he had passed half its length you could have seen the difference. In the next two hours every man on the elevator saw him, learned a quicker way to splice a rope or align a shaft, and heard, before the boss went away, some word of commendation that set his hands to working the faster and made the work seem easy. The work had gone on without interruption for weeks, and never slowly, but there were times when it went with a lilt and a laugh; when laborers heaved at a hoisting tackle with a Yo-ho, like privateersmen who have just sighted a sail; when, with all they could do, results came too slowly, and the hours flew too fast. And so it was that Christmas night; Charlie Bannon was back on the job.

About ten o'clock he encountered Pete, bearing off to the shanty a quart bottle of cold coffee and a dozen big, thick sandwiches. "Come on, Charlie," he called. "Max is coming, too, but I guess we've got enough to spare you a little."

So the three of them sat down to supper around the draughting-table, and between bites Bannon talked a little about everything, but principally, and with much corroborative detail—for the story seemed to strain even Pete's easy

Editor's Note—This story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

credulity—of how, up at Yawger, he had been run on the independent ticket for Superintendent of the Sunday-school and had been barely defeated by two votes.

When the sandwiches were put away, and all but three drinks of the coffee, Bannon held the bottle high in the air. "Here's to the house!" he said. "We'll have wheat in her to-morrow night!"

They drank the toast standing; then, as if ashamed of such a sentimental demonstration, they filed sheepishly out of the office. They walked fifty paces in silence. Then Pete checked suddenly and turned to Bannon.

"Hold on, Charlie, where are you going?"

"Going to look over those 'cross-the-house conveyor drives down cellar."

"No, you ain't, either. You're going to bed."

Bannon only laughed and started on toward the elevator.

"How long is it since you've had any sleep?" Pete demanded.

"I don't know. Guess I must have slept part of the time while we was putting up that gallery. I don't remember much about it."

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Pete, and as he said it he reached out his left hand and caught him by the shoulder. It was more by way of gesture than otherwise, but Bannon had to step back a pace to keep his feet. "I mean business," Pete went on, though laughing a little. "When we begin to turn over the machinery you won't want to go away, so this is your last chance to get any sleep. I can't make things jump like you can, but I can keep 'em going to-night somehow."

"Hadn't you better wrap me up in cotton flannel and feed me warm milk with a spoon? Let go of me and quit your fooling. You delay the game."

"I ain't fooling. I'm boss here at night and I fire you till morning. That goes if I have to carry you all the way to your boarding-house and tie you down to the bed." Pete meant it. As if, again, for illustration, he picked Bannon up in his arms. The boss was ready for the move this time, and he resisted with all his strength, but he would have had as much chance against the hug of a grizzly bear; he was crumpled up. Pete started off with him across the flat. "All right," said Bannon. "I'll go."

At seven o'clock next morning Pete began expecting his return. At eight he began inquiring of various foremen if they had seen anything of Charlie Bannon. By nine he was worried lest something had gone wrong with him, and a little after ten Max set out for the boarding-house.

Encountering the landlady in the hall, he made the mistake of asking her if she had seen anything of Mr. Bannon that morning. She had some elementary notions of strategy, derived doubtless from experience, and before beginning her reply she blocked the narrow stairway with her broad person. Then, beginning with a discussion of Mr. Bannon's excellent moral character and his most imprudent habits, and illustrating by anecdotes of various other boarders she had had at one time and another, she led up to the statement that she had seen nothing of him since the night before, and that she had twice knocked at his door without getting any reply.

Max, who had laughed a little at Pete's alarm, was now pretty well frightened himself, but at that instant they heard the thud of bare feet on the floor just above them. "That's him now," said the landlady, thoughtlessly turning sideways, and Max bolted past her and up the stairs.

He knocked at the door and called out to know if he could come in. The growl he heard in reply meant invitation as much as it meant anything, so he went in. Bannon, already in his shirt and trousers, stood with his back to the door, his face in the washbowl. As he scoured he sputtered. Max could make little out of it, for Bannon's face was under water half the time, but he caught such phrases as "Pete's darned foolishness," "College boy trick," "Lie abed all the morning," and "Better get an alarm clock"—which thing and the need for it Bannon greatly despised—and he reached the conclusion that the matter was nothing more serious than that Bannon had overslept.

But the boss took it seriously enough. Indeed, he seemed deeply humiliated, and he marched back to the elevator beside Max without saying a word until just as they were crossing the Belt Line tracks, when the explanation of the phenomenon came to him.

"I know where I get it from," he exclaimed, as if in some measure relieved by the discovery. "I must take after my uncle. He was the greatest fellow to sleep you ever saw."

So far as pace was concerned that day was like the others; while the men were human it could be no faster; with Bannon on the job it could not flag; but there was this difference, that to-day the stupidest sweepers knew that they had almost reached the end, and there was a rally like that which a runner makes at the beginning of the last hundred yards.

Late in the afternoon they had a broad hint of how near the end was. The sweepers dropped their brooms and began carrying fire-buckets full of water. They placed one or more near every bearing, all over the elevator. The men who were quickest to understand explained to the slower ones what the precaution meant, and every man had his eye on the nearest pulley to see when it would begin to turn.

But Bannon was not going to begin till he was ready. He had inspected the whole job four times since noon, but just after six he went all over it again, more carefully than before. At the end he stepped out of the door at the bottom of the stairway bin, and pulled it shut after him. It was not yet painted and its blank surface suggested something. He drew out his blue pencil and wrote on the upper panel:

O. K. C. H. BANNON.

Then he walked over to the power house. It was a one-story brick building, with whose construction Bannon had had no concern, as Page & Company had placed the contract for it elsewhere. Every night for the past week lights had been streaming from its windows, and day and night men had waited, ready at any time for the word to go ahead. A dozen of them were lounging about the brick-paved space in front of the battery of boilers when Bannon opened the door, and they sprang to their feet as they read his errand in his face.

"Steam up," he said. "We'll be ready as soon as you are."

There was the accumulated tension of a week of inactivity behind these men, and the effect of Bannon's words was galvanic. Already low fires were burning under the boilers, and now the coal was piled on, the draughts roared, the smoke, thick enough to cut, came billowing out of the tall chimney. Every man in the room, even the wretchedest of the dripping stokers, had his eyes on the steam gauges, but for all that the water boiled, and the indicator needles crept slowly round the dials, and at last the engineer walked over and pulled the whistle cord.

Hitherto they had marked the divisions of time on the job by the shrill note of the little whistle on the hoisting-engine boiler, and there was not a man but started at the screaming crescendo of the big siren on top of the power house. Men in the streets, in the straggling boarding-houses over across the flats, on the wharves along the river, men who had been forbidden to come to the elevator till they were needed lest they should be in the way, had been waiting days for that signal, and they came streaming into the elevator almost before the blast had died away.

Page's superintendent was standing beside Bannon and Pete by the foot of the main drive. "Well," he said, "we're ready. Are you?"

Bannon nodded and turned to a laborer who stood near. "Go tell the engineer to go ahead." The man, proud as though he had just been promoted, went out on the run.

"Now," said Bannon, "here's where we go slow. All the machinery in the house has got to be thrown in, one thing at a time, line shafts first and then elevators and the rest of it. Pete, you see it done up top. I'll look out for it down here. See that there's a man to look at each bearing at least once in three minutes and let me know if it gets warm."

It took a long time to do it, but it had to be done, for Bannon was inflexible, but at last everything in elevator, annex and spouting-house that could turn was turning, and it was reported to Bannon. "Now," he said, "she's got to run light for fifteen minutes. No——" he went on in answer to the superintendent's protest; "you're lucky I didn't say two hours. It's the biggest chance I ever took as it is."

So while they stared at the second-hands of their watches the minutes crept away and at last Bannon turned with a nod to the superintendent.

"All right," he said. "You're the boss now."

And then in a moment the straining hawsers were hauling cars up into the house. The seals were broken, the doors rolled back, and the wheat came pouring out. The shovelers clambered into the cars and the steam-power shovels helped the torrent along. It fell through the gratings, into steel tanks, and then the tireless metal cups carried it up, up, up, 'way to the top of the building. And then it came tumbling down again; down into garners, and down again into the great weighing hoppers, and, recognized and registered and marketable at last, part of the load that was to bury the clique that had braved it out of sight of all but their creditors, it went streaming down the spouts into the bins.

The first of the barges in the river was moved down beside the spouting-house, her main hatch just opposite the tower. And now Pete, in charge there, gave the word, and the marine leg gravely, deliberately descended. There is a magnificent audacity about that sort of performance. The leg was ninety feet long, steel-booted, framed of great timbers heavy enough to have wrecked the barge like a birch-bark canoe if it had got away. It went down bodily into the hold and the steel boot was buried in wheat. Then Pete threw another lever, and in a moment another endless series of cups was carrying the wheat aloft. It went over the cross-head and down a spout, then stretched out in a golden ribbon along the glistening white belt that ran the length of the gallery. Then, like the wheat from the cars, it was caught up again in the cups, and shot down through spouts, and carried along on belts to the remotest bins in the annex.

For the first few hours of it the men's nerves were hair-springs, but as time went on, and the stream kept pouring in without pause, the tension relaxed though the watch never slackened. Men patted the bearings affectionately, and still the same report came to Bannon: "All cool."

Late that night, as the superintendent was figuring his weighing reports, he said to Bannon: "At this rate, we ought to have several hours to spare."

"We haven't had our accident yet," said Bannon shortly.

It happened within an hour at the marine leg, but it was not serious. They heard a splintering sound, down in the dark somewhere, and Pete, shouting to them to throw out the clutch, climbed out and down on the sleet-clad girders that framed the leg. An agile monkey might have been glad to return alive from such a climb, but Pete came back presently with a curious specimen of marine hardware that had in some way got into the wheat, and thence into the boot and one of the cups. Part way up it had got jammed and had ripped up the sheathing of the leg. They started the leg again, but soon learned that it was leaking badly.

"You'll have to haul up for repairs, I guess," the captain called up to them.

"Haven't time," said Pete under his breath, and with a hammer and nails, and a big piece of sacking, he went down the leg again, playing his neck against a half hour's delay as serenely as most men would walk downstairs to dinner. "Start her up, boys," he called when the job was done, and, with the leg jolting under his hands as he climbed, he came back into the tower.

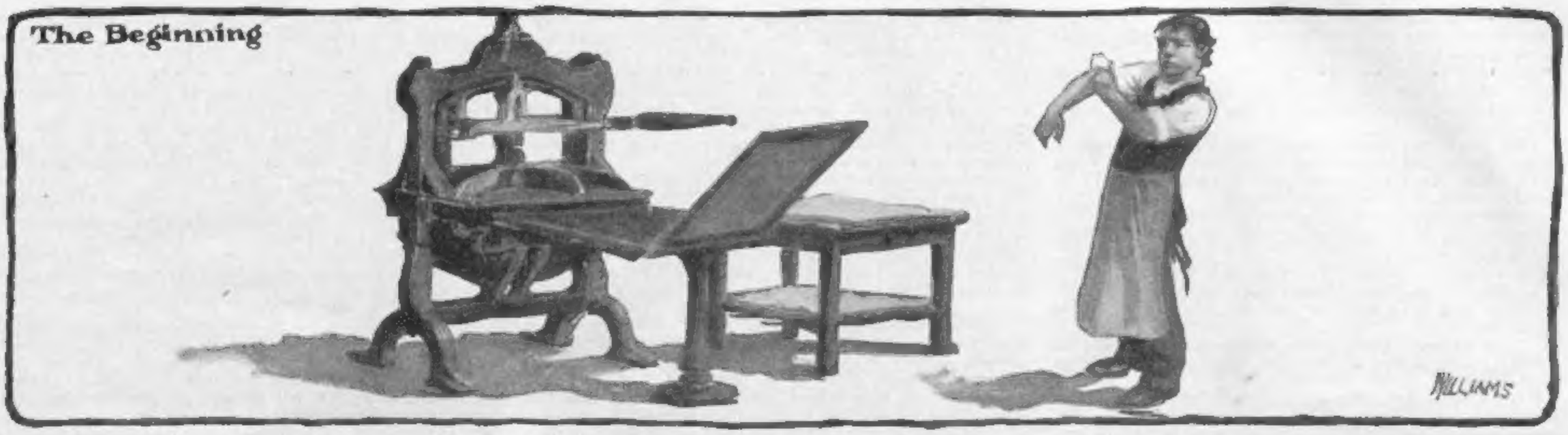
That was their only misfortune, and all it cost them was a matter of minutes, so by noon of the thirtieth, an hour or two after MacBride and young Page arrived from Minneapolis, it became clear that they would be through in time. At eight o'clock next morning, as Bannon and MacBride were standing in the superintendent's office, he came in and held out his hand. "She's full, Mr. Bannon. I congratulate you."

"Full, eh?" said MacBride. Then he dropped his hand on Bannon's shoulder. "Well," he said, "do you want to go to sleep, or will you come and talk business with me for a little while?"

"Sleep!" Bannon echoed. "I've been oversleeping lately."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"Here's to the house!" he said. "We'll have wheat in her to-morrow night!"



Footnotes to a "Literary Life"—By Opie Read

PART I

IN THOSE days the country newspaper was a solemn thing, but it was looked upon as a joke. Every need of a country editor was humorous. How funny was his need of a hat, a pair of shoes! And in his village the fact that he was out of wood, just as a blizzard struck the community, never failed of universal merriment. My first newspaper venture was a half ownership in the Scottville, Kentucky, Argus. Well, it was hardly a venture. There was nothing to lose. In the scholastic shade of a pretentious institution I had heard it vaguely rumored that an Argus meant something with a hundred eyes, and I didn't see why the paper should be called the Argus, for, counting caps, small caps, Italic and a font of job type, there were not a hundred i's in the office. But Warren had "established" the paper, and no classic rock arose to split the current of his swiftly flowing mind. Years before I met him he had dropped into the newspaper habit. Sometimes he would travel until the conductor put him off the train, and then he would start an organ of "Bourbon Democracy." He did not ask for opportunity; he carried it with him. One evening at Scottville he got out of the stage-coach, the driver having told him that it was not necessary that he should go farther, and by morning he had out his prospectus. A few days later the paper appeared, declaring that, as it stood upon a firm financial rock, it had come to stay. And how flattered I was when he invited me to join him. Money was not to be considered; if it had been I should not have owned a half interest. What he wanted was enthusiasm and some one to work the hand-press. This office had been performed by a stout buck of dark complexion, but he had insisted upon being paid, hence the necessity for a partner.

—with his hair falling at every jump

We were forced to print one page at a time, as our lack of type did not permit a broader spread. And an impression was like slapping two boards together. The type was old before I arrived, and as the press had notions of its own we were never certain as to what we were going to say. Some of the letters failing to show up made many of our statements rather romantic. Once the postmaster threatened us with the law against circulating improper literature. Of course, when you read a newspaper you are influenced by what you see and do not take into account what fails to appear. I wrote the editorials and the locals, and sometimes Warren would call out from the "case," where he was setting type; "Don't use any more cap D's. We are out."

"But here's a man named Densmore. How are we going to manage him?"

"Have to do the best we can. Take the next letter. Take E."

"But that won't spell his name."

"And it isn't our fault if it doesn't. We are simply here to do the best we can."

He was a philosopher. The owner of the building was an occasional scribbler and therefore was inclined to be easy on us. He was at the head of a sorghum molasses industry. One day he sent in a communication longer than the premium ribbon tied to the horn of a prize bull. To print it was impossible, to throw it out—madness. So Warren cut it down. Shortly after the paper appeared the man came in with collar smoking. "How is this?" said he, striving to master himself.

"How is what?" Warren innocently inquired.

"Why, this here! You haven't printed one-third of my artickel."

I trembled, but Warren smiled. "I thought you were wiser than that," he said. "You make sorghum molasses, don't you? All right. And you know that it takes just so many gallons of sap to make one of molasses. Isn't that true?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, then, it's somewhat that way in our business. It takes just so many words in manuscript to make one in print."

The molasses man bowed. "Gentlemen," said he, "I beg your pardon. Warren, I never meet you that I don't learn something."

How closely intimate we became with those hill people, and how much we did learn from them! Some of them set aside all laws of deadly poison. And here is a story they tell. Our best advertiser was Buck Nagle, dealer in grass-seeds, hay, meat, meal and coffins, for Buck was the village undertaker. One day a friend from the knobs called to see Buck, and finding that he was not in proceeded to make himself at home. He and Buck had often drunk together, and he knew that there was liquor somewhere about the establishment. In his search he found a black bottle and helped himself, but he shook his head, put down the bottle, and came over to our office. Of the news in his neighborhood he gave full account, and then, sitting on the floor with his back against the wall, began to fan himself.

"It strikes me," said he, "that the air's sorter heavy this mornin'."

Just then Buck, the undertaker, came panting into the room. "Jim," he cried, "make your will."

"What's up?" Jim asked, looking lazily at his friend.

"'Tain't so much what's up as what's down. You are a dead man, I want to tell you that. Over in my store jest now you drinked a pint of embalmin' fluid."

Jim looked at him. "Embalmin' fluid?"

"Yes, that's what you done—drinked a pint."

Jim scratched his head. "Thar was licker in it, wan't they?"

"Of course, but——"

"Wall, ef thar was licker in it I reckon it's all right."

And it was. He sat about for a time and then, getting up and dusting himself, said, "I wonder who's got a right good hoss that he wants to git rid of. I feel sorter like swappin'."

Warren had been intended for the bar, but the ease and luxury of a newspaper life led his mind astray. But what a lawyer he would have made! One of our subscribers, an old negro who couldn't read, was arrested for stealing a hog. The prosecuting attorney was active, with his hands full of proof, and the negro had no defense. The court was about to appoint a lawyer to defend him when Warren offered his services. We were about to lose a subscriber—and, thus moved, Warren made a most telling speech. The jury was astonished; the judge opened his eyes—and a verdict of not guilty was rendered. The negro was delighted. "Mr. Warren," said he, "you has surtnly done me er power o' good dis day; an' ef I had knowed befo' dat I wuz so hones' I neber would'er stole dat hog."

—and a fat girl lassoed his heart

Sentiment came and with pearly finger touched the dimple in Warren's cheek. He fell in love. He was a slender youth and a fat girl lassoed his heart. Physical antithesis was too much for him and he surrendered. He knew that he could not afford to marry, but love keeps no ledger. He began to neglect his duties. It was a part of his work to deliver the papers as an offset to my assignment of bringing water from the spring. Of course, I was compelled to do more walking than he, the spring being at the edge of the village, but I did not complain. Well, one week he missed a subscriber and we received an order to discontinue his paper. Warren was sad, but he philosophized. He said that love could not remember everything. The fat girl began to pour communications into the office—essays and poems. I complained, but Warren said: "Yes, I know it's bad; but I am going to marry her pretty soon and that will stop it. Say, lend me your boots. I want to call on her." His foot was small—I wore a number ten, and I could have laughed at misfortune, but not at sentiment. So I took off my boots. Into them he stuffed back numbers of our sheet and lumbered down the stairs. We slept on the floor in the office, and late at night he came in, happy in the light of a smoking lamp. I wish that again I could hear that mellow laugh, see that dreamy eye; I wish that I could smell that old ink, here in this club-room, with the great roar without. Here is a painting worth many dollars, but I wish I could see that old black wood-cut on the wall—a tall man chopping down upon the head of a short fellow, while upon the balloon-shaped thing issuing from his mouth were the words, "And don't you forget it." I haven't forgotten it; the scene is fresh. We talked of hopes, of the great newspaper we were going to publish. The cat awoke with a start and bounded over the floor after a rat, overturning a jar of lye with which ink was washed off the type. In the room below slept the dandy of the town, a soda-fountainist with beautiful hair. The lye dripped down—and about daybreak here he came, with his hair falling at every jump. We were distressed to see his hair go, it had been so soft and sunsetish, and we explained; but this did not appease him, poor fellow, weeping in the early light, with a golden lock in his hand. He was too gentle to fight, so he threatened us with the law. I didn't see how he could get at it, but he did. It seems that many years ago there had been a statute against scalping, and we were indicted under that clause, but a bald-headed judge threw the case out of court.

To me comes the feeling that in a fond lingering over those sun-woven and moon-edged days I am inclined to exaggerate the pleasures of living in that now haloed time. And I know that the halo is memory-wrought. It takes a long time for a halo to circle round one's country newspaper experience. It requires the passing of years to turn privation into a sweet-measured poem. Ah, how great was the advantage Warren held over me! He was in love and didn't need to eat. We had started in to board with a man whose prospects in life were fair. He had married a girl who had been crowned Queen of the May. When we took up our abode with him his house was nearly finished; it was well lathed and needed only the plastering. But it was never completed. After we became members of his family he could not put us out. That would have been a violation of Kentucky's law of hospitality. So, he had to stand it; and there came but one ray of light, a strip torn off from a rainbow of promise, when Warren fell in love. It was a great saving in onions, our main diet; and he prayed that I might be stricken, and he drove out into the country and brought girls to town to introduce me

to them. His was a simple soul, and he believed that among those lasses I might find my appetite-destroying fate. One morning after a sleepless night he came to me in great distress. "Where is Warren going to take his wife after he gets her?" he inquired, and, with the deliberation of one whose statements must be well weighed, I answered: "Blamed if I know."

"But I know," said our patron household saint. "He is going to bring her here, and that will settle me. His appetite will soon return—and you know it wa'n't slow."

I agreed that it had not been of a creeping nature. "And that girl!" he added with a sigh. "Ah, I know her. I went with her one time to a basket picnic."

The fat girl sent to Warren a volume of Tennyson. For poetry he had no decided taste. His metric excursions had been mainly among the verses printed on "patent sides." And now it was amusing to see him down on the floor, tallow-candleing In Memoriam. He smoked the Idylls of the King, and in his zeal he greased The Princess.

"Did you laugh?" he inquired.

"I did not."

"Well, it sounded like it to me. You must remember that this thing can't last. Say, don't you think you could write a few editorials in rhyme? It would please her."

"We haven't caps enough," I answered.

"That's a fact," he sighed. How quick he was to grasp a situation! Love is often querulous, not to say quarrelsome, but so clear was his mind that he was not even argumentative.

Near was drawing the time for the wedding. The weather was red with the glow of the sun, and Warren referred to the days as blushes. "Just ten more blushes before she becomes mine—hopelessly mine," he added, glancing round at our washboard hand-press and battered type. Ah, that type—how often it betrayed us! And we were thinking over this when our household saint came in. "Warren," said he, "you are still determined to get married, I suppose."

"Nothing but death can stand between us," replied Warren. The saint sighed and I understood him to mutter that he didn't want to kill any one. And then, after a pathetic silence, he said: "I have always been a friend to you, Warren—and now don't you think you can take the house as it stands?"

Warren's eye flashed. "I have never cast reflections on your home by missing a meal and I don't see why you'd want to put a hardship on me."

The saint sighed and groped his way down the stairs.

"I feel sorry for that man," said Warren, "but justice is justice, and he who permits his sympathies to govern him is not wise. Better for a man to be ruled by the Carpetbaggers than by his own sympathy. But, after all, we have been absolutely honest with him. We have never given him any counterfeit money, and you know yourself that during my present—illness, I have greatly let up on his table, and now as an offset to this kindness he wants me to take the house. Well, it might have been expected, for all my life I have never met anything but ingratitude. By the way, here are my wedding shoes," he added, lifting a newspaper and revealing a pair of brogans with copper rivets.

"But where are your wedding garments?"

He smiled. "I have made arrangements with the woolen mill for cloth enough for pantaloons, vest and a long-tail coat. Come with me. I am going after it."

Pleased to know that he was to be so well rigged out I went with him to the factory. There was no scent of orange blossom hanging about the eaves. The place was pervaded by a strong smell of rancid grease. A bolt of stuff was thrown down, and I thought of a wet dog lying too close to the fire. The cloth was yellow and ribbed like a gridiron. "I have arranged with a colored woman who lives out in the old field to make it up for me," said he with the proud air of a man who permits no detail to escape. "Come over there with me."

"Don't you think you'd better have it shrunk?" said I.

"No, that would be an expense, and I'd have less cloth."

"But don't you think there's a little too much grease in it?"

In a side glance he gave me his philosophical eye. "Grease is the durability of life," said he.

"But couldn't you manage to get a little of the odor out?"

"It smells new, if that's what you mean. And that's the way I want it to smell. Do you suppose I want them to think I came out of a rag-bag?"

"Just ten more blushes before she becomes mine"

The old woman had never made a suit of clothes, and for a moment she was at a loss as to the cutting of the cloth, but she was inventive. She stood him against the wall and marked him out, and then went to work with her shears.

The day arrived; the clothes were done on time. Ah, how proud he was as he stood before me arrayed in his matrimonial scarecrows! I knew that his coat was there, but I couldn't discover where it touched him. The tails almost swept the floor, and, like the little girl playing woman with an apron tied behind her, he looked back at them.

Outside a two-seated rig was waiting.

"Hurry up," said Warren to the driver. "This is a wedding party."

"One o' you gwine git married?"

"I don't want any of your talk," said Warren.

"No, sah, an' I ain't gwine gib you none—but I'se er preacher, sah, an I oughter hab a right ter talk. Is dat er grape-vine segyah you'se smokin' dah? Whut's dat er smellin' dat er way? Did you genermen fetch er wet dog wid you? Ef you did he's er gittin' dry mighty fast."

"Warren," said I, "you must pardon me, but something is not agreeing with your clothes."

"Jealousy is not agreeing with them."

Just at that moment he lifted the blanket and up came a puff of smoke. "Whoa," he cried, and we jumped out. A spark from his cigar had fallen on his coat about three inches above the waistband, and following a rib had burned all the way around—and when he struck the ground the tails fell off and he stood there in a roundabout. "Turn round! We'll go back to town!" he yelled.

"But aren't you going to get married?" I asked.

"What, in a thing like this?" he said, pinching off a charred particle and looking at it.

"But don't you love the girl?"

He pointed to his coat-tails. "After all that? I want to tell you that love can stand a good deal, fire and water, first and last, but a love that can stand to have its coat-tails burnt off is a little stronger than mine."

And so we drove back to the office. Our saint soon followed, looking as if he had been cured of a mortal disease.

"Saint," said Warren, "you offered me an injury the other day—by wanting me to take your house; and now, sir, to show that I am not above revenge, I offer you this office."

—the tails fell off and he stood there in a roundabout

"JACKY'S" LIBERTY

By C. A. McAllister

United States Revenue Cutter Service

NOTHING is so dear to the man-of-war's man's heart as liberty to go on shore, and thus obtain a brief respite from the daily routine of ship life. No matter how pleasant the surroundings on board a naval vessel may be, the confinement becomes monotonous in the extreme, and were it not for frequent opportunities to get "on the beach," the life would become almost unbearable. Although "Jacky" does not exactly demand "liberty or death," still, it is his greatest punishment to be deprived of this much-sought-for diversion. Too much going on shore would, however, be very detrimental to the discipline and work so necessary to keep a ship's company in a high state of efficiency, and the executive officer who has charge of the granting of liberty, under the direction of the captain, must use great discretion in the matter.

While in port, and with nothing to prevent, it is customary to allow one-third of the ship's crew to go on shore every afternoon and to remain overnight. Immediately following a payday it is seldom that every man thus privileged does not avail himself of the opportunity. Later in the month only those who have been prudent in the management of their money find that they have sufficient funds to warrant a visit to shore. As "Jacky" is proverbially free with his money, one or two liberties a month are often sufficient to enable him to dispose of his hard-earned pay for the previous month. There have been instances when enlisted men have from choice remained on board for periods of two or three months at a time, thus allowing their wages to accumulate in the paymaster's safe. At the end of an enlistment term such men sometimes have as much as a thousand dollars coming to them. Such large sums are not always deposited in savings institutions or invested in business enterprises, as might be imagined, for sometimes the possessor, at the end of a month's career on shore, may find himself impoverished. He is then willing to reenlist, although he may have made all kinds of declarations that he would never put his foot on a ship's deck again.

Anxiety to Obtain Shore Leave

Upon entering a port, the question uppermost in the men's minds is, "When will liberty be granted?" In a foreign port it is usual to ascertain first whether or not any contagious diseases are prevalent there. If not, and there is nothing else to hinder, a liberty list, containing the names of those who are to be the first to go on shore, is posted in a suitable place, and it at once becomes the centre of attraction. Those selected to go immediately begin preparations by changing their clothes and washing up. At last the officer of the deck issues the welcome order: "Lay aft the liberty party!" whereupon all the fortunate ones line up on the port side of the quarter-deck. The officer on duty then makes a close scrutiny of each member of the party. It must be borne in mind that no man is allowed to leave the ship who is not clean and neat in appearance. Should one present himself with his neckerchief askew, his uniform soiled, or his shoes unpolished, he is ordered to go forward, and the chances are that he will lose one or two hours of his precious time, or perhaps all of it. With such a rigid inspection it is not strange that men-of-war's men look so spick and span when they first get on shore. After the inspection of the party the roll is called, and each man answers to his name by saluting the officer and taking a seat in the liberty boat. One of the customs of the Navy requires that all enlisted men shall leave the ship or come aboard over the port gangway—that is, on the left-hand side of the ship. None but a commissioned officer or a visitor is allowed to use the gangway on the starboard side.

When "Jacky" reaches the shore his actions resemble those of a boy released from a hot afternoon's session at school. Figuratively speaking, he kicks up his heels and prepares to enjoy himself to the utmost during his play-spell. If the city is strange to him he immediately goes sight-seeing, and whether he speaks the language of the place or not he seems to accomplish his object with little difficulty. Unfortunately he is likely to imbibe a little too freely, and then his pugnacious patriotism asserts itself. Woe betide any one who makes disrespectful remarks about his ship, his country or his flag, for "Jacky" enjoys a free fight with foreigners about as well as any other style of amusement. If there are ships of other nations in port the relations existing between the respective governments may easily be determined from the attitude of the sailors on shore. Offensive and defensive alliances are rapidly formed over potations of grog, and war is often declared without any formalities. The fist-fights which ensue sometimes baffle the efforts of the local police.

Menageries Carried on Board

Sailors are, as a rule, great curio gatherers, and it is rare that an American ship returns from abroad without a number of choice mementos in the possession of her crew. If the men were given their own way most warships would look like floating menageries, for sailors have a liking for live pets. Monkeys, parrots, deer, dogs, iguanas, and even snakes, are frequently taken on board, but, with very few exceptions, they are not permitted to remain. Unless there are good reasons against it the men are usually allowed to stay on shore until seven o'clock the following morning, when the ship's boat leaves the wharf. The appearance of some of them is quite different from that of the afternoon before, when they left the ship. Black eyes, bruised faces and torn uniforms may be seen. Those who have transgressed are marked down in the liberty book, and are punished according to the degree of transgression. Those who return in good condition have the mystic letters "O. T. C. & S." put after their names, which, translated, mean, "On time, clean, and sober."

Occasionally, a good-hearted executive officer grants special liberty if the applicant has a good reason for such a favor. The ingenuity of the sailor mind is taxed to invent an acceptable excuse for going ashore out of his turn. The way that mothers, fathers, and other near relatives are sacrificed is sometimes startling. The high mortality among sailors' relatives, if recorded, would shock the medical fraternity. Not long ago a husky-voiced Irish fireman came to the mast with a request to see the executive officer. When that gentleman appeared he was handed a telegram which read, "Come home at once. Your mother is dying." It was signed "Father." The kind-hearted officer expressed deep sympathy for the man, and the grief-stricken son sobbed the louder. Instead, however, of granting the desired leave the executive suddenly blurted out: "Go forward, you rascal. I'll attend to your case later!" The officer had discovered that the message of woe was written on a sending blank instead of a receiving blank, the latter, as most people know, being very hard to obtain at a telegraph office. It afterward appeared that the man's mother had been dead for over fifteen years and that "father" was a boon companion on shore.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

IF PEOPLE continue to get hurt in them French duels may yet rise to the dignity of South American revolutions.

SWITZERLAND is going to boycott us on account of the watch trust, so we might as well be prepared to sell one-fourth of a locomotive less each year.

OUR Government has purchased a floating dock at Havana from Spain. That was the nearest thing to an island Spain had left on this side of the world.

PERHAPS the speed with which automobiles are allowed to travel country roads in France has something to do with the unsatisfactory increase in population.

DEMOCRATIC headquarters are to be removed from Chicago to Washington, but will the managers be justified in paying freight on the Kansas City platform?

DOCTORS advise men not to use alcoholic drinks in summer, and they might broaden the advice to take in spring, fall and winter without doing any material injury to the health of the race.

RECENT bank failures illustrate anew the great fact that the machinery of honesty may be developed to the last degree, and that then there will not be honest results unless there are honest men to operate it.

THE gifts to American colleges this year aggregate nearly fifteen millions of dollars, and still the colleges are not satisfied. Well, that is a good sign. When any institution gets satisfied with its income or itself it begins to go the wrong way.

The Prevention of Strikes

THAT strikes are wasteful and selfish to an extent that makes their continuance unbearable is quite generally acknowledged, even in the ranks of labor. And yet strikes continue to grow in numbers and individual proportions. The selfishness of strikes is well illustrated by one which recently occurred in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, where, by the refusal of the firemen to work while their grievances were being adjusted, fifty men were thrown out of work for every idle fireman, and indirect loss was inflicted upon hundreds of others. It is a matter of common knowledge that this is by no means an unusual occurrence. As to the wastefulness of strikes, it might be well for labor to ponder the statement of Eugene V. Debs, that if the money lost by strikers in the last twenty years had been invested labor would now have a controlling interest in every important industry in the United States. This may be an exaggeration, but that labor has lost more in dollars and cents than it can ever regain is beyond dispute. The wastefulness of strikes is illustrated on a much larger scale by the losses which the whole country suffers while a few thousands engaged in a particular industry dispute concerning wages, hours, or terms of employment.

A method of settling disputes and gaining demands which is responsible for such abuses endures only because the rights and interests of the community as a whole are ignored by both employers and employed. The New Zealand plan of compulsory conciliation and arbitration, of which we have heard so much, is founded upon the fact, here ignored, that the interests of the state are paramount to the interests of a group of individuals.

In New Zealand there are two tribunals: Boards of Conciliation, one for each industrial district, and a Court of Arbitration for the whole country. In both, workingmen and employers are equally represented by men of their own choice. When a grievance arises, or when there is any apprehension of a strike or lockout, one side summons the other before the board or court, and after this step has been taken it becomes a punishable offense for the workmen to stop work or for the employer to close his plant. Both must continue under the conditions complained of by one or the other until the board or court renders a decision, and both must comply with the award under pain of heavy penalties. This plan has worked well in New Zealand for six years, and the expense of administering the law is but $6000 a year, a sum less than the amount lost in every hour of a large strike here.

But in the United States the Constitution guarantees every man a degree of personal liberty which is held to preclude the possibility, without a constitutional amendment, of sustaining a law under which the laborer could be compelled to work on terms fixed for him by another. Our Congress and courts are powerless to say that workmen shall accept employment on certain terms or that employers shall pay a certain scale of wages for so many hours' work at given tasks.

This is the prevailing construction of the inalienable rights of personal liberty and private property. Whether the right to labor is regarded as an adjunct of personal liberty or the labor contract is looked upon as an element of private property, the conclusion is the same. There is, however, a possibility that this construction may be substantially modified. Up to three years ago the courts held to be unconstitutional many State laws limiting hours of employment. But in 1898 the Supreme Court sustained a Utah law limiting the period of employment in mines and smelters to eight hours a day, on the ground that longer hours at this employment were dangerous to health. The highest court decided that such an enactment was a legitimate exercise of the police power, and similar laws are now in operation in a number of States.

By some such modification of constitutional construction it may come to pass that a law similar to the New Zealand compulsory arbitration law of 1894 will be sustained by our courts. In the mean time the remedy for the strike evil appears to lie in the promotion of a public sentiment powerful enough to force both employers and employees to exhaust every peaceable and amicable means of settling differences before they resort to a lockout or strike.

Employers and employees must know by this time that the winning side of a labor controversy is that side which commands the larger measure of public sympathy. It is clear to every one who observes carefully the outcome of strikes that the public really decides what the result shall be. If, therefore, the public will manifest with sufficient emphasis its protest against further strikes, discountenance in advance every labor disturbance, demand that the remedy of conciliation and arbitration shall be exhausted before plants are closed and men stop work, and lay the full weight of public condemnation upon the unreasonable demands of labor and the injustice of employers, strikes and lockouts will become rare because they will be useless to those who begin them. The whole community will become a board of arbitration; it is that now in a sense, and need only assert itself more positively to make its awards feared and respected.

Speculation will never be more than one letter from peculation, and often it isn't that.

Another Possible Solution

IN FORMER times, when an employer was a man, and a worker was another man, there seemed no way of settling disputes between them except to fight them out. There was a square case of opposition of interests.

The habits of that age have come down to the present, so that we still think of employer and employed as necessarily opposed. But the new business methods of our time probably have many surprises in store, and one of them may be a complete change in the relations of labor and capital.

For instance, the United States Steel Corporation is not Mr. Morgan or Mr. Schwab. It is a joint stock company, whose shares can be had in the market at moderate prices. What is to hinder its workmen from buying those shares, instead of putting their money in savings-banks, and so placing themselves in a position to dictate the terms of their own employment? An investment of $500 apiece, at present prices, would come very near to giving them control of the company.

If the steel workers are as well paid as they are said to be they ought to have no trouble in saving that amount. Twenty-five cents a day would buy a share of steel stock in less than six months. Perhaps this may be the ultimate solution of labor troubles everywhere. Much thought has been wasted on schemes for coöperation and profit-sharing. The best brains of the financial world have created a perfect scheme of coöperation and profit-sharing in the stock market. When the workmen employed by any corporation secure a majority of its capital stock that corporation becomes at that moment a coöperative institution.

If the employees of each corporation would make a point of investing their savings in the stock of that company a new "community of interest" would be established, worth more to the country than any possible treaty between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harriman. The workmen would have an interest in the prosperity of the company, and the company in the welfare of the workmen. The arrangement of a wage scale would no longer be a tug of war, for if the scale were too high the men would get in wages what they missed in dividends, and if it were too low they would draw in dividends what they lacked in wages.

It used to be only the exceptional workman who could hope to get an interest in a business. He not only had to save a considerable capital to start with, but he had to have executive ability. He had to take a hand in the management of the business himself, and unless he had an intimate acquaintance with processes and markets he was pretty sure to lose his money. Now it is no more trouble to become a part proprietor of the Steel Trust than to deposit forty dollars in the savings-bank. All the workman has to do to acquire an interest in the business that employs him is to save a little money and buy stock with it. All the labor of superintendence is taken off his hands by high-salaried managers. The workman with one share of stock in the Steel Trust may feel that Mr. Schwab with his million-dollar salary is his servant.

Perhaps the industrial situation may work itself out to a condition in which all industries will be controlled by trusts and all trusts will be largely owned by their workmen. In that case capital and labor will end their rivalry, as Ferdinand and Isabella ended the rivalry of their kingdoms, by marrying.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, but it's not half so risky as none at all.

College Men in Politics

THE question whether a college education is a benefit or an injury to a young man is one whose answer depends in general upon the meaning attributed to the word "success." Of course it is impossible for men whose ideas of success are radically different to reach any definite agreement on the general question. But when the matter is brought down to a specific matter of fact it may be possible to find some solid ground.

For instance, take politics. College men constitute not more than one or two per cent. of the voting population of the United States. Therefore, if their education be of no advantage to them in politics, they should have about one member of the United States Senate, and not more than three or four members of the House of Representatives. That would be about a fair proportion, supposing their education to be neither a help nor a hindrance.

In the Fifty-sixth Congress, out of eighty-seven Senators, fifty-five were college men. Every Senator from the States of Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin was a college man. Harvard graduates constitute a very small proportion of the population of Massachusetts, and a still smaller proportion of the population of the United States; yet both the Senators from Massachusetts, and four Senators in all, were Harvard men. Graduates of Yale form a very small proportion of the population of New York; yet both New York Senators were Yale men, and there were five Yale men in the United States Senate. Dartmouth is a small college, but it had both Senators from Vermont.

In the same Congress two hundred and eight of the three hundred and fifty-six members of the House were college men. Seven of the nine Representatives from Alabama, eight of the eleven from Georgia, ten of the thirteen from Indiana, seven of the eleven from Kentucky, ten of the thirteen from Massachusetts, eleven of the fifteen from Missouri, twenty-two of the thirty-four from New York, five of the seven from South Carolina and six of the ten from Virginia had college training. Two of the four Connecticut men came from Yale, which had nine Representatives in the whole body. Four of the thirteen Massachusetts men came from Harvard, which had eleven members in all. The various State universities were well represented in their respective delegations as well as outside. Two of the nine members from Alabama were graduates of the University of Alabama; four of the eleven from Georgia came from the University of Georgia; three of the twelve from Michigan came from the University of Michigan; two of the seven from Mississippi came from the University of Mississippi; three of the fifteen from Missouri from the University of Missouri; two of the nine from North Carolina from the University of North Carolina; two of the thirteen from Texas from the University of Texas; three of the ten from Virginia from the University of Virginia; and two of the ten from Wisconsin from the University of Wisconsin. It may be added that the President and Vice-President of the United States are college men, and so are five of the eight members of the Cabinet. The last three Governors of New York have been college men.

In fact, in any of the fields of higher politics, a little investigation will show that college men are over-represented to the extent of just about fifty times their proportion of the population. In other words, a young man who wants to make an impression in that kind of politics will find his chances improved about fifty times by going to college, instead of plunging into active life when he leaves school.

Uncle Sam's sceptre is a rod of iron which he turns into steel for the foreign markets.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Mr. Dawes—Gentleman and Politician

In a little farmhouse a few miles outside of Lincoln, Nebraska, is a woman who believes that if the next Illinois Legislature fails to elect Mr. Charles G. Dawes a United States Senator it will be because the personal qualities of the man who has just resigned from the position of Comptroller of the Currency in order to enter the Senatorial fight are not sufficiently known. Personally she thinks he should be made President. Her reasons for this belief are involved in an incident which an old resident of Lincoln relates as follows:

"Not very long ago Mr. Dawes came out here, where he has large financial interests in the shape of farm securities. One farm mortgage, long overdue, happened to come under his personal attention. He saw that the mortgagee was a woman, and at once gave instructions to have the matter investigated before he left the city. This was done, and the woman came for an interview with him and proposed a settlement. This brought out the fact that in order to meet this obligation she would have to make a great sacrifice and dispose of almost all her property. She was an entire stranger to Mr. Dawes, but he quickly canceled the mortgage and declined the payment she offered."

The Comptrollership of the Currency is the first political office ever held by Mr. Dawes, who is only thirty-seven years of age. He is the son of General Rufus R. Dawes, of the famous "Iron Brigade," who was a Representative in Congress from the Marietta, Ohio, district. The friendship which existed between General Dawes and Major McKinley accounts for the personal interest which the former's son took in securing a McKinley delegation from Illinois in 1896. To Mr. Dawes, indeed, is given more credit than to any other individual for getting a McKinley delegation from that State. That was his first lesson in practical politics, and he demonstrated an aptitude as a campaign manager which brought him instantly into prominence and influence. His methods are those of a fair fighter, who scorns an underhand advantage over an opponent.

Mr. Dawes graduated from Marietta College in 1884 and from the Cincinnati Law School in 1886. During vacations he worked as a civil engineer, and after graduating from the law school he became engineer, for a time, of a small Ohio railroad, since merged in a larger corporation. From 1887 to 1894 he practiced law in Nebraska, and after that, for a time, he interested himself in the gas business in various cities. His home is at Evanston, Illinois, and he was appointed Comptroller of the Currency in 1897.

Mr. Dawes is given to furnishing just such surprises in politics as this resignation from office. In the campaign of 1896 his originality and boldness impressed the members of the Republican National Committee, notwithstanding he was the youngest man on the committee. Although modest almost to the point of diffidence, he occasionally conceives and carries out moves that are almost startling when suggested.

When Senator Cullom was a candidate for reelection last year his friends were interested in organizing the Republican State Convention. Mr. Dawes was one of the Senator's firm supporters. At a critical time the Cullom men decided that Mr. Dawes must consent to make the race for temporary chairman. His personal popularity among the delegates was the feature of the gathering. It was clear that if any Cullom man could win against the recommendation of the State Committee for temporary chairman, Mr. Dawes was the man. He was solicited to make the fight. The State Committee had recommended Judge Brown, of Vandalia, a friend of Governor Tanner and very popular.

"Do you gentlemen realize what it would mean if I were defeated?" asked Mr. Dawes. "I am a Federal officeholder. The impression would go abroad that the Administration had been rebuked." But the Cullom men were insistent.

"Very well," replied Mr. Dawes, "I am ready to oblige Senator Cullom. I'll enter the fight, but I call you gentlemen to witness that if I fail to be elected temporary chairman of this convention I'll immediately resign as Comptroller of the Currency."

The majority was a narrow one—less than one hundred—but Mr. Dawes was chosen.

Loading Cannon with Corn

Congressman "Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, is a man of strong likes and dislikes, and never does anything by halves. In the list of his likings, so far as culinary matters are concerned, his fondness for green corn takes first rank, and on this score he tells a good story at his own expense.

After a long sojourn in Washington he returned home and started out to look after his political fences in his district. At a small village hotel, where he stopped for dinner, a scanty plate of fine roasting ears was placed before him as a side dish. Immediately he abandoned the main bill of-fare and applied himself exclusively to the green corn. When the plate was depleted he called for more roasting ears, and continued his feast until he had made his entire meal from the staple product of the Illinois prairies. The hotel-keeper noticed the array of cobs stacked upon the plate of the tall politician, whose identity was unknown to him, and said:

"Say, stranger, what in thunder do you want to board at a hotel for? The place for you to put up at is a livery stable. Don't you know green fodder is a dum sight cheaper in a barn than in a house?"

During the remainder of the campaign Congressman Cannon retailed this story to his constituents—and turned it to good account among the corn growers.

General Sickles and Bunker Hill

It seems queer to think of General Daniel E. Sickles setting type, but that is the way he began his career. But he always had a taste for adventure, and when a lad was thrilled by the stories of heroism which floated up from Texas and formed part of the history of the struggle of that State for freedom from the Mexican rule. Sam Houston became the boy's ideal hero. "I wanted to run away and take part in the business myself," said he, while chatting one day with some Texans in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives, "but my father exercised the veto power, and traveling was not as easy then as it is nowadays.

"A man named Hitchcock was raising a company to go down and help the Texans in their war. About that time my kind-hearted old grandmother gave me $500 to buy a horse and buggy. A horse was the one thing I had always promised myself as soon as I should be rich enough, so I was delighted with the gift; but when I heard Hitchcock talk so eloquently about the wrongs of the Texans and their noble struggle for liberty I couldn't stand it; I simply threw my grandmother's money into his lap.

"Naturally my grandmother began to wonder pretty soon where my horse was. I told her that I was waiting to get one that would trot in 2:40, which was great speed for those days. Her unsuspecting soul was satisfied with the explanation. Next my father became inquisitive, and after I had made two or three stammering attempts to put him off I had to come out with the whole story. I am not sure now whether he was more angry or amused over it.

"But the funny part of it came later. Another man arrived in town, one Colonel Hunt, who was raising money to furnish supplies for the fighters in Texas. He came after my father, I came to his assistance, and between us we got the old gentleman so interested that he handed out another $500 from his own pocket."

General Sickles is so impressive in appearance that people stare a good deal at his crutches (he lost a leg at Gettysburg), and not a few strangers have the bad grace to stop him and inquire how he met with his supposed accident. The General does not take these impertinences any too kindly, though he usually avoids giving expression to his opinion of the questioner. Once in a while he indulges in sarcasm. A young man who ought to have known better came up to him one day in the presence of a number of spectators and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but where did you lose that leg?"

Sickles turned a stern look upon him, and answered in his most tragic bass voice: "You ought to know."

"Perhaps I ought," said the inquisitor, "but I don't, and I should be obliged if you would tell me."

"Young man," thundered the General, "I lost my leg at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and don't you forget it again!"

The Head of the St. Louis Exposition

From grocery clerk to Governor is the epitomized story of the career of Mr. David R. Francis, of Missouri, President of the St. Louis Exposition in commemoration of the Louisiana Purchase. He learned his business thoroughly, so that when reverses overtook a firm in which his family were interested he was able to launch forth for himself. His capital was not equal to undertaking a great store, but he obtained a seat in the Chamber of Commerce as a broker, refusing the offer of his father-in-law to make him a handsome loan.

Grain seemed to offer more of an opening than produce, and he made that a specialty. He had a hand in every large speculative movement on the Exchange for a number of years, but he let the others take the wild leaps, while he kept within safe distance of the ground. As fast as he accumulated money he put it into real estate in and about St. Louis, especially into elevator property and office buildings, the need of which, to keep pace with the growth of the city, he early appreciated.

His excursions into politics have been few, but always successful. When he ran for Mayor of St. Louis he defeated an opponent who had been elected four years before by 14,000 majority. He served as Mayor for four years, and then carried the State for Governor in spite of the fact that the antagonisms he had aroused by his reform administration as Mayor lost him the city by 12,000 votes.

His conservative course as Governor (which office he held from 1889 to 1893) attracted the attention of President Cleveland, who invited him into his Cabinet to succeed Mr. Hoke Smith as Secretary of the Interior.

An Exchange of Offices

Mr. James I. McCallum, who has just been commissioned Consul-General of the United States at St. Gall, Switzerland, is a son-in-law of the late John Sherman. Mr. Sherman, it will be remembered, had no children, but adopted two baby girls, one of whom died, while the other grew up to minister to the wants of his old age with all the tenderness of an own daughter. She became the wife of Mr. McCallum, who was at the time of their marriage a stenographic clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which position he acquired great familiarity with statutory forms, the processes of indexing laws and the art of annotation.

When Mr. Sherman became Secretary of State he brought his son-in-law down from the Capitol to the State Department and made him editor of the Federal Statutes, which are published every year in book form.

After Mr. Sherman's death Mr. and Mrs. McCallum decided that they would prefer to live abroad for a while, and, the Consul-General at St. Gall conceiving a desire to return to the United States and live in Washington, he and Mr. McCallum were permitted to exchange offices.

Mr. McCallum has a number of accomplishments, musical and linguistic, speaking French like a Parisian. He is also a great reader.

General Wallace and the Armenian Lovers

Not all of General Lew Wallace's romances are done on paper. Occasionally this dean of historical romancers takes a hand in an affair of the heart in "real life," and manages it as successfully as if it were a creation of his imagination.

Last winter General Lew Wallace lived in the "Blacherne," his handsome Indianapolis apartment building, which was erected entirely from the proceeds of Ben-Hur, the novel which made his fame.

After dinner General Wallace had just settled himself to the enjoyments of a studious evening, when a servant announced that a young Armenian desired a short interview. He was at once admitted, for General Wallace makes it a rule to see all foreign callers without exception. Then the young man stated his mission.

His brother, he said, was under the suspicion of the Sultan's Government and had found it advisable to keep out of Turkish domains. But a desire to see his sweetheart had at length determined him to make the reckless experiment of going back to the Turkish capital. Therefore he had written to his brother in America saying: "If you do not hear from me inside of twenty days you will know that I have gone to Constantinople; and if you do not receive within forty days a letter mailed from there make up your mind that I have been thrown into prison and be prepared to help get me out."

General Wallace's caller then said that more than forty days had passed and that he had received no word from the reckless young brother, and he added:

"I know that there is not a man in this country so high in the favor of the Sultan as yourself, and so I have come to beg you to do what you can for my brother's liberation."

"All the world loves a lover," and General Wallace is not an exception to this rule. He at once took a keen personal interest in the case. By cablegram correspondence with a prominent Turkish official, whose close friendship General Wallace had enjoyed while United States Minister to Turkey, he learned that the young man had been imprisoned on the charge of complicity in a dangerous revolutionary plot against the Government, and that his probable fate was most unenviable. Then General Wallace made epistolary appeals to a group of officials high in the councils of the Sultan, and finally received notice that, as a personal compliment to him, the prisoner would be released on condition that he at once take permanent leave of the country.

Immediately the novelist sent a liberal check, sufficient to pay the passage and other expenses of two persons traveling from Constantinople to Indianapolis, and directed the young Armenian to marry his sweetheart and start at once with her for America. This he did; and, if a display of human gratitude is compensation for an act of unselfish benevolence, General Wallace was liberally rewarded for his efforts.

Tales of the Department Store

By Harlow N. Higinbotham

"You can see for yourself that this bird is dead"

THOUGH the "bargain sale" is by no means exclusively a department-store institution, these great cosmopolitan retail establishments have pushed this means of trade getting to so high a state of development that it is inseparably associated with them in the public thought. The process of preparing for a bargain sale is one of the most interesting which takes place in the department store, and illustrates, perhaps better than anything else, the remarkable system and precision with which the affairs of these mammoth enterprises are conducted. The chief of the advertising department is necessarily in close and constant touch with the merchandising executive of the house, and ranks as one of the principal aides on the latter's staff. He is, too, a man of large individual authority, and upon his energy and judgment depends, in large measure, the success of the establishment so far as the volume of its sales is concerned

Monday is bargain day throughout the entire country. So, for that matter, is Friday, but the popularity of the Sunday newspaper in the United States has placed the emphasis upon Monday

Not later than Thursday morning the advertising chief visits the various departments of the store and holds careful consultation with the men in charge of them. Each department chief is consulted individually. The advertising manager carefully considers the list of goods recommended by the head of the department, and together they select for the bargain sale the articles of first rank in "drawing" power Seasonableness, novelty, unusually low cost, overstock and various other elements enter into the calculation by which they make their choice of the special lines to be offered at bargain-sale prices. These selections are entered on a blank, the columns of which bear the headings "Cost," "Present Selling Price," "Advertised Price," "Remarks

Advertisements for Bargain Days

By the time the advertising manager has completed the circuit of the departments he has a large collection of these blanks, from which he prepares "copy" for the big page or double-page advertisement to be inserted in the Sunday newspapers. After making a rough draft of the wording of the "display" for each individual department he groups these sections on a blank diagram the size of an ordinary newspaper page. Into the spaces of this diagram he stamps a rough impression from the various cuts with which the advertisement is to be illustrated. One of these diagrams, and the electrotypes of all the cuts to be used, are sent to each newspaper used as a medium by the house. In the composing-room of the newspaper the "copy" is set up in galley form and a proof is immediately returned to the advertising manager of the department store, who carefully revises it and returns it to the newspaper. There, all the various department advertisements are assembled into page form according to the arrangement of the diagram. A page proof is sent to the advertising manager not later than Friday afternoon and, if correct, receives his final "O. K."

In all cases a sufficient number of duplicate proofs must be submitted to permit the advertising chief to send one to each department represented in the advertisement. These proofs are distributed not later than Saturday morning, and the head of each department immediately calls the floor-walker, who is charged with the duty of seeing that correct signs and price tickets in proper quantity are furnished by the "sign-writing" shop, and that the clerks, porters, inspectors and other employees receive the orders which will place the advertised goods on the counters, properly displayed, and ready for the Monday morning rush

Editor's Note — This is the last of three articles on the Department Store, by Mr. Higinbotham

The amount of newspaper advertising done by a large department store is well calculated to astonish the average layman. One of these institutions in Chicago uses more than ten thousand columns a year. In the advertising office of this establishment are more than 20,000 stock cuts, and this assortment of pictorial material is subject to constant addition. Nearly all the drawings for illustrations are made outside of the office, for the reason that a large diversity of talent is required to secure good results in this line. Rarely does it happen that an illustrator who is able to produce a good drawing of a lady's hat, for instance, is successful with an object of severe outline or mechanical nature

No corner in the big department store is more interesting than the "sign shop," and the number of placards turned out by a skilled workman in this department is almost incredible, considering the fact that the lettering must be done in an artistic and attractive manner. Of ordinary price tickets a good writer can produce five hundred in a day. The signs put out by a department store vary in size from the tiny price ticket to the huge banner measuring fifteen by sixty feet.

Most department stores have a general "sign inspector," whose duty it is to see that all placards are properly placed, and that they contain only accurate and appropriate statements. An ordinary bargain sale calls for the writing of about five thousand signs, but a complete change of all the placards in a large establishment of this kind would necessitate the lettering of not less than 25,000 tickets, signs and banners of all descriptions. Clerks and department heads are required to keep a record of every advertised article sold, and at the end of each bargain day a report covering all these items, their cost and selling price, is sent from each department to the advertising manager so that he may have accurate knowledge of the effect produced by his advertisements.

Many other kinds of work are carried on in the advertising office, among them being the preparation of numerous circulars and catalogues. The circulars are designed to appeal to special classes. For example, one department store recently sent out 25,000 copies of a circular to building contractors and decorators, advertising its window shades. A department-store catalogue is a formidable volume, prepared with great care and circulated in enormous quantities.

A most effective and novel line of advertising which has been developed to a remarkable degree by the department store is that of elaborate window displays. The modern show window of the metropolitan department store has become one of the great "sights" of the city, as distinctively a part of the public entertainment as the theatre or the art gallery. So elaborate and ambitious have these window displays become that one Chicago department store makes an annual appropriation of $50,000 for the maintenance of its show window department. It is by no means unusual for a department store to expend $500 in the decoration of a window, and one display which was viewed by thousands of Chicagoans at the holiday season required an expenditure of $1500. This represented a department store peopled with moving dolls. The counters were stocked with miniature goods of every description, the elevators were in constant operation, receiving and discharging passengers, and cash girls and customers moved about with all the animation of bargain-day life. Another store had an elaborate representation of a scene in Holland, the production of which cost $4000. As a rule, the ordinary display window "runs" for a week only, but the costly and elaborate holiday displays are in place for about six weeks

Though it might seem to the average observer that no display which the imagination might suggest is too ambitious or novel to find its way into the department store show window, the fact remains that the head of this department is often called upon to reject suggestions which demand more courage than he is able to command.

Wild Animals for a Show Window

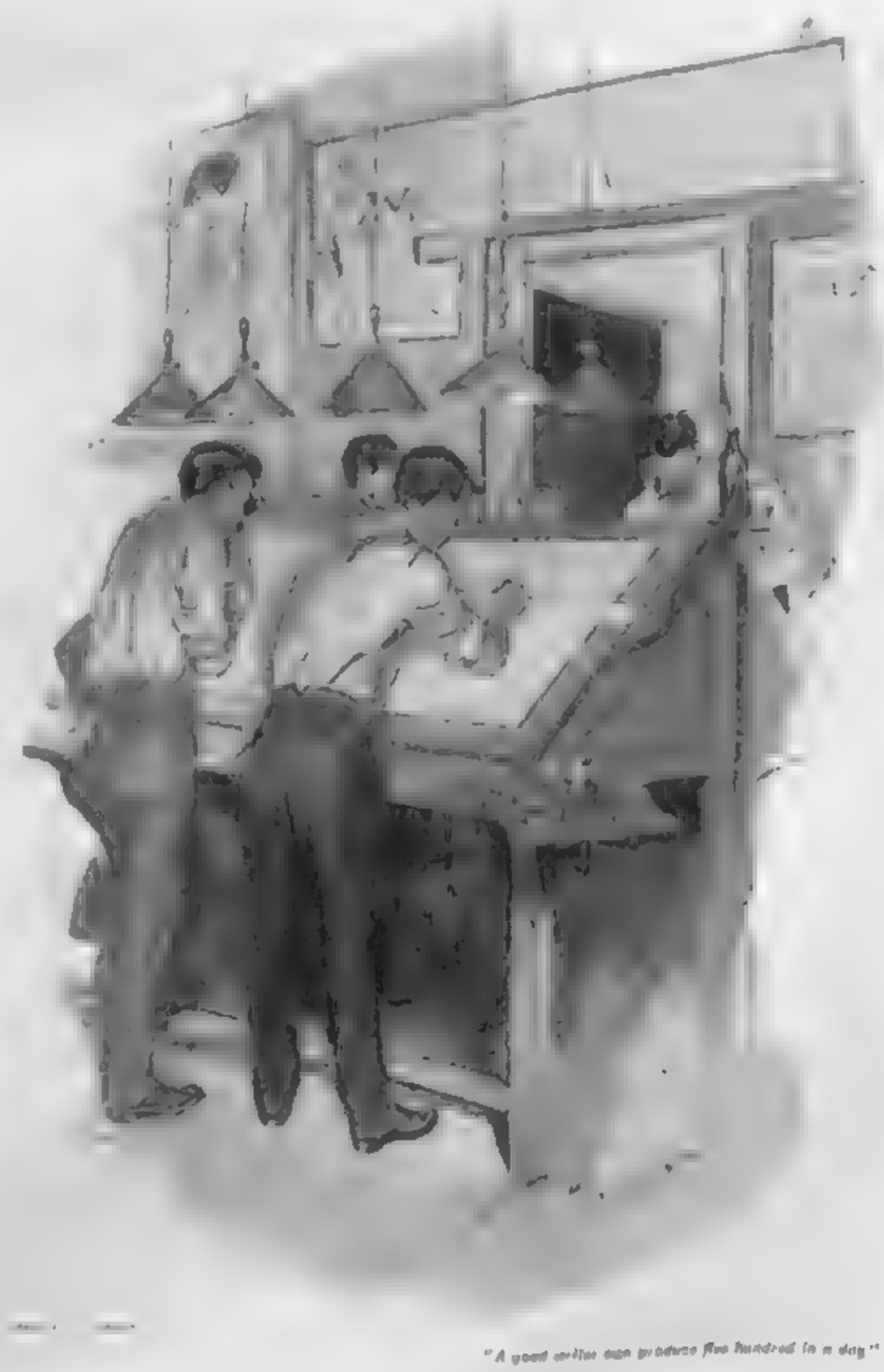
Recently a head window-trimmer was visited by a stalwart and picturesque trapper fresh from the wilderness of the Northwest territory

"I've got just the thing you want," exclaimed the caller "and it will draw a crowd that will block the whole street every day in the week if you'll give it a chance, and it will advertise your fur goods in a way that ought to double your sales. Up home I've got a live cinnamon bear, a mountain lion, a moose and a wildcat. They're tame and can be handled all right, and I'll sell 'em to you cheap. Just think of what a figure they'd cut there in that big double window!"

"That's precisely what I was thinking of," returned the head of the department. "I'm afraid they would cut so big a figure that they would leave no glass in the window and we would have no end of excitement and thousands of dollars of damage money to pay. No; we'll stick to electrical automatons; they're safer."

Among other curious offers brought to the show window department may be mentioned that of an old farmer who desired to promote the sale of hams by placing in the window a prize litter of pigs with the mother. Snake charmers are frequent applicants for show window positions, and one resourceful "fakir" not long since proposed to tell the fortunes of spectators from a show window throne, making himself intelligible by gestures without spoken word. In the shop of the show window artist are scores of manikins, which give the place a fantastic and sepulchral appearance, winning for it among the employees the name of "the graveyard"

The modeling of manikins is practically the only feature of show window work which is not done in the shop of the department store, which employs for this department a force of expert carpenters, painters and decorators, general "trimmers," and an electrician of high ability and possessed of unusual inventive talent. When it is remembered that a large department store has from fifty to eighty display windows, each of which must be frequently dressed, it will be seen that the window squad does not lack for employment.



"A good writer can produce five hundred in a day"

Before the question of advertising is dismissed let me repeat the words of one general manager of a department store who declared, "The best possible advertisement is a satisfied customer." This, of course, holds good in every line of merchandising, but it must be recognized by the progressive department-store manager who would elevate his enterprise to the same standing for reliability and fair dealing that is enjoyed by the conservative old-line merchant who handles a more exclusive line of goods, and feels that he has a personal reputation to make and maintain in connection with his store.

On the score of competition it should be observed that each department store keeps careful watch upon the movements of its competitors. This is done in a systematic manner in which practically every feature of the trade is considered. Each store, for example, keeps as careful a record of the advertisements of its competitors as it does of its own bargain sales, tabulating the articles and their prices, and comparing the latter with its own ordinary selling terms and its bargain-sale prices. It is also a general practice for the progressive department store to maintain in its service a corps of "confidential shoppers." These persons are little seen in the stores with which they have a confidential connection, but are regular visitors at the counters of competitors, where they observe what lines of goods are being most eagerly pushed, and also make note of the quality and volume of special lines of merchandise, as well as of all other matters which they believe may be of moment to the house by which they are employed.

A few years ago the complaint department of the department store was an unfailing source of entertainment to those in position to observe its affairs. As an indication of the extent to which thorough system has reduced the volume of complaints it may be said that in one department store, which ten years ago had a complaint staff of five persons, one man now attends to all the complaints, and is not overburdened with work at that. The most fruitful source of complaints is the misplacement of delivery tags. A woman, for instance, buys a wash-boiler, alongside of which is standing a wringer. Through the carelessness of the clerk the tag is attached to the wringer instead of the boiler, and the mistake is not discovered until a delivery of the article is attempted. Then the error comes to the complaint desk.

The general tendency of department-store management seems to be in the direction of a very liberal policy regarding the exchange of articles. This is dictated by the consideration which I have already named: that the best advertisement is a satisfied customer. But, no matter how liberally this policy may be pursued, there are some persons who interpret it with a breadth and freedom that surprises even the chief of the exchange desk, who is well trained in the foibles of human nature.

Not long ago a woman appeared at the complaint department of a Chicago department store holding in her hand a bird-cage containing a dead canary. Her experience as a skillful shopper was attested by the fact that she opened negotiations by producing a purchasing-slip indicating that she had bought the bird at that store.

"I understand," said the woman, "that you make good unsatisfactory purchases when the demand is accompanied by the original ticket made at the time of the sale. You can see for yourself that this bird is dead. I should like to exchange it for a live one."

"Yes," answered the complaint manager, "I can see all that, but I also notice that the sales ticket shows you bought this bird six months ago. Of course you understand that, though we are always ready to replace unsatisfactory goods, we must do so within the bounds of human reason, and your request hardly comes within that limit."

Another woman brought to the exchange desk a toy express wagon and asked that she be allowed to exchange it for other goods as the little boy for whom she had bought it had "entirely outgrown it" and had "no further use for it." Still another patron bought a parrot and in the course of a few weeks returned with it, saying that it was very unsatisfactory, as it had acquired the habit of profanity, and she desired to exchange it for another of its species that would not take so readily to swearing.

Constant vigilance must be exercised on the part of clerks, floor-walkers and house detectives to protect the department store and its patrons from swindlers, shoplifters, pickpockets and sneak thieves. The house detectives of these large retail establishments are required to pay regular visits, each morning, to the principal police stations in order to look over the arrests which have been made during the previous day and night, to study the photographs added to the rogues' gallery, and to acquire all other information of a character that may assist them in identifying professional thieves, whether shoplifters or pickpockets. Through this precaution many professional rogues are "spotted" before they have time to ply their craft inside the establishment. On the other hand, many daring enterprises in the line of shoplifting are attempted, and not a few of them are successfully executed. Female shoplifters of the professional kind generally have cloaks, capes and dress skirts fitted with capacious inside pockets into which goods may easily be slipped. Sometimes attempts are made to carry away very cumbersome and bulky articles. In one instance three women undertook to steal a handsome dinner set consisting of one hundred pieces. They began early in the morning and worked at their task until they had made away with about forty plates, of varying sizes, when they were apprehended and the pieces taken from them. Many adepts in this profession are excellent actors and make possible the success of their accomplices by feigning a swoon or sudden and violent illness. In the excitement of such a scene as this their accomplices are generally able to make a rich haul and escape. Some of the experts in this line of acting go so far as to secrete small particles of soap in their mouths, in order that when they fall in a spasm their lips may appear to be covered with froth. Tricks of this kind, however, were much more successfully worked when the aisles of the department stores were much narrower than at present. Now the wide passages make the snatching of goods much more difficult than formerly. Again, the presence of policemen in uniform has a tendency to discourage the more timid operators in this nefarious craft.

There is comparatively little opportunity to victimize the department store by swindling. This is sometimes accomplished, however, by means of forged signatures on orders for goods. Perhaps the cleverest swindling game recently detected was the following. A woman purchased a cloak at a department store and ordered it delivered at a railway station at a certain hour. As the messenger bearing the parcel entered the station the accomplice of the purchaser met him with extended hand and the exclamation: "Oh, here you are with my parcel from X——'s store! I was afraid you wouldn't get here in time, but I can just catch my train."

The package was hurriedly taken from the hand of the messenger boy and a dime thrust into his palm. The following day the original purchaser appeared at the department store and asked, "What was the reason that you did not deliver my cloak at the station as you agreed?" Of course, investigation showed that it had been delivered. The messenger boy was summoned and confessed that the person to whom he had handed the parcel was not the one confronting him with the purchase ticket. The only course open to the management, in the absence of absolute proof of the fraud, was that of returning the purchase money, thereby letting the plotters have the cloak and the money which had been paid for it.

Next to the swindler and the shoplifter the "false shopper" is probably most dreaded and disliked by the department-store management. This individual is generally a woman, accompanied by a friend in whose eyes she is anxious to make a favorable showing in the way of demonstrating her personal prosperity and ability to buy goods. After obtaining a transfer ticket this woman, accompanied by her friend, makes the round of the departments and buys liberally. Then she excuses herself for a moment on the plea that she must go to the transfer desk and settle for her purchases. This, however, is precisely what she does not do, but on the other hand destroys her ticket, rejoins her friend and goes home, leaving her purchases uncalled for. The latter have become actual sales and are so entered, thus involving the labor and annoyance of being carefully traced and credited back to the several departments from which they originally came.

Before leaving the subject of the department store in general one of the most important questions to be raised is, What opportunities does the department store offer for young men?

This may be better answered by example than by speculative argument. The general manager of one of the largest stores of this kind in existence started as a cash boy and sweeper. Then he was made a salesman and served a turn behind nearly every counter in the establishment. Next he was placed in charge of several departments and was initiated into the mysteries of buying goods. Then he became one of the proprietor's personal lieutenants. Finally he was promoted to his present position, in which he commands a salary of imposing proportions although he is still a young man.

His chief assistant began by opening cases of goods in the receiving department. There he learned to check bills. Next he was assigned to salesman's duty. From the counter he was sent to the accounting department, where he was promoted to the charge of the "department office." Next he advanced to the position of general bookkeeper, then to the important executive station of advertising manager. His next promotion made him assistant superintendent, and as such he did a large portion of the work of employing help. Then he became assistant manager.

It is apparently the policy of the department store to follow civil-service lines and recruit its executive staff from the ranks of those employees who have won promotion from the humblest places. The young man with energy and executive talent has unquestionably as good an opportunity to win rapid promotion to places of large influence and high salary in the department store as in any other form of mercantile enterprise. And the fact that these establishments are generally conducted on a very large scale and are big profit winners is a guarantee that the places at the top are worth the getting, and command salaries ample to satisfy any reasonable ambition.

—prepares "copy" for the . . . advertisement to be inserted in the Sunday newspapers

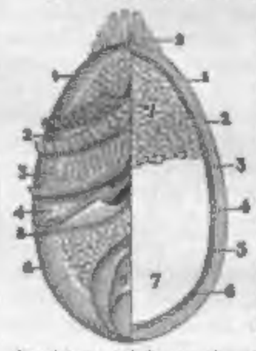
Cheaper than Beef

"All the wheat that's fit to eat"

Every pound of Franklin Mills Flour represents a pound of food value. One dollar's worth of beef contains nutriment for two and four-fifth days. One dollar's worth of

Franklin Mills FLOUR

A Fine Flour of the Entire Wheat



contains nutriment for 10¼ days. When the true value of the fine flour is known, all will use it as their bread food. It is easy of digestion, perfect in assimilation and thoroughly nourishes every part of the body.

If your grocer does not keep **Franklin Mills Flour** have him order some for you or send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. See that the Flour delivered bears our label. Avoid substitutes.

Booklet with key to the picture Free for the asking.

THE GENUINE MADE ONLY BY

THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO., Lockport, N. Y.

Learn Shorthand

A knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and composition will enable man or woman to become self-sustaining and furnishes lucrative and pleasant employment.

The mail system of teaching by the Missouri Shorthand College has the endorsement of leading educators and of hundreds of graduates now filling positions and receiving good salaries. We cannot guarantee positions for graduates, no school can honestly, but the strong influence of the Missouri Shorthand College is exerted for its pupils.

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who become students of the Missouri Shorthand College before September 1, 1901, will receive a full unlimited scholarship for twenty-five dollars cash, just one-half the regular price. Benn Pitman System of shorthand taught. Average time required to acquire a practical knowledge, twenty weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Referring to the character and ability of John H. Schofield, Principal of the Missouri Shorthand College, Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, now Chancellor of the University, Lincoln, Neb., and recently Superintendent of Chicago Schools, says:

Board of Education, Office of Superintendent of Schools, Schiller Building.
Chicago, Feb. 21, 1900.

Mr. John H. Schofield is well and favorably known to me as the successful director of a large shorthand college. I consider him not only one of the most expert practical shorthand writers whom I have ever known, but also an upright, honorable and perfectly trustworthy gentleman. E. BENJ. ANDREWS, Superintendent of Schools.

Address **Missouri Shorthand College**
St. Louis, Mo.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

KODAK

quality and Kodak film quality have made the Kodak way the sure way in picture taking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at the dealer's or by mail. Rochester, N. Y.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crayon, Pastel, Water Color, Miniatures and Illustrating **Taught by Mail**

Comprehensive professional and amateur instruction. Tuition fees reduced by products of student's skill. A fertile field for woman's effort. Full particulars upon request to the

American School of Art and Photography
Incorporated **Box 1004, Scranton, Pa.**

BY MYSTERY GATE—By M. E. M. Davis

(Concluded from Page 6)

battered hat; he dropped mechanically on the side of the ditch and watched the nodding lilies vanish toward the grand stand. Mystery Gate closed; the rabble melted away, and quiet descended upon the street.

He walked to the street car, and he held on to himself by sheer force during what seemed to him the longest journey he had ever taken. But he never knew how he got from the car to his own room in Rue St. Pierre. Enough of consciousness remained to him on reaching there to wonder whether or not he had left word at the drug store for the doctor, and to groan over the thought that now indeed some inquisitive devil of a Duplantier would track him to his lair with offers of "pecuniary assistance." Afterward he dimly remembered remarking to the Chevalier: "*Eh bien*, Monsieur, I have, as you may observe, a broken arm, a rather shattered thigh, which by the way is bleeding infernally; and perhaps a split skull—at least, if I have a head, I am, as you say, out of it! I think I may be going to pass through the Mystery Gate after all into . . . the . . . great . . . Beyond." His voice—he remembered that, too—trailed off thickly, and he heard himself calling from some immeasurable distance: "*Jeanne! Jeanne!*"

He was brought back to conscious life by a shock of pain which forced an involuntary groan from his lips. He opened his eyes into the kindly face of old Doctor Morel. He gazed curiously about; there was a lighted lamp on the mantel and a wood fire burned in the fireplace; he could see the wiry figure of the Widow Noiret moving cautiously about.

"Take care, Doctor," he remonstrated sharply with the physician who was manipulating the broken arm. "Don't do that again!"

The doctor, who was a silent man, merely nodded his gray head. But at the sound of Pierre's voice Mme. Noiret threw up her arms and dropped to her knees. "The Blessed Virgin be praised!" she breathed. "I enter," she continued, scrambling to her feet again and repeating the story for the third or fourth time to the air about her—"I enter, and I behold him on the floor, *ce cher jeune homme*, with the eyes of his face wide open, and he don't know not'ing. Louisette has tol' me at that Parade how he has drag her from h'out dose w'eels. She has h'appear like an angel, Louisette, and her *voiture* has win the prize; and the cabbage-head of a Gabrielle is jallow with envee, M'sieu le Docteur positive-ment *jaune!* I come with Louisette to thank M'sieu Pierre, and to bring him those good nouvelles, and behol', he is on the floor, in his blood, with the eyes of his face wide open, and he don't know not'ing! And his *beau pantalon gris* h'all ruine'!"

Pierre questioned the doctor through the pangs which racked his reset arm and his lacerated thigh.

"Yes," the doctor explained sententiously; "you had fainted from loss of blood—and from want of proper food," he growled inwardly. "A plague on the boy for his stubborn pride! And may God forgive me for my negligence!"

"I pick him up, me," the old woman was chattering on, "and Louisette she fly to the pharmacie——"

"Chut," the doctor laid a finger on his lip; Pierre's eyes were closing drowsily. "Past midnight; I will return about daylight. In the mean time, if there should be fever and delirium——"

"I shall be all right to-morrow, eh, Doctor?" Pierre called anxiously from the bed.

"Certainly, my boy, certainly. It is my opinion," he continued half-aloud, descending the stair, "that you will lie in that same bed, where you first saw the light, for a month at least. And I'll be hanged, my stiffnecked Duplantier de Beltran, if you don't *have* to swallow something more palatable than your —— bread and coffee!"

The street door had hardly closed behind him before his patient began to move restlessly among his pillows, to mutter and finally to rave aloud, unseeing and unknowing the anxious watchers summoned by Madame Noiret. His unconscious revelations during many hours wrung their hearts—for all his life was laid bare before them: his poverty, his pride, his hopes, his despair. Now he was gleefully gathering his harvest and carefully measuring out those three momentous pyramids; now wondering how he could pay Tante Palmyre's rent, or get a new gown for Grande Cousine; now, how he should keep his own soul and body together. At one moment he jested gayly with the Chevalier, trolling his favorite couplets:

"Aimer son pays,
Chanter ses amis,
Voilà le vrai Créole,"

The next he shrank painfully from the recognition of some old comrade. Now he was offering an armful of roses to Mademoiselle de Verlac; now humbly imploring Jeanne to accept a few petals, dipped in his heart's blood, "from the rose-vine by Mystery Gate, Jeanne!"

"Toi seul a su me plaire
Ma belle Créole aux yeux bleus!"

Her name rang through the hushed silence, a constantly recurring refrain: "*Jeanne! Jeanne!*"

The sound at length pierced his own consciousness; he felt on his cheek the warm splash of falling tears; were they his own? He trembled violently, not knowing why and having no strength to lift his heavy eyelids. When after a time he opened his eyes he saw—but, of course, it could not really be Jeanne, this white-clad angel with an aureole of golden hair about her head, and heavenly gray-blue eyes, tear-wet, which smiled into his! "I have passed through the Mystery Gate," he sighed, blissfully closing his eyes once more.

"You will have the goodness to take note, Monsieur le Chevalier," cried Mademoiselle de Verlac some days later, addressing Pierre's ancestor—and hers—while Pierre himself looked at her from his armchair with pale, troubled, adoring face, while the old bonne made herself of wood—oh, but of a woodenness to deceive a saint!—"you will please take note that Monsieur Pierre, your great-great-grandson, has consented——"

"Jeanne——"

"——consented to accept in marriage the hand of your great-great-granddaughter, Jeanne de Verlac. And I trust, Monsieur le Chevalier, that you approve!"

And the Chevalier beamed at them with his forever-young face.

Young Men and Speculation—By James J. Hill

(Concluded from Page 5)

endowment of colleges. It has also put thousands of men in a position in which they are able to send their sons to the institutions of learning presided over by these critics. It is business that provides the sinews of war for the educators. Without business the college presidents and their professors would be left in a rather trying position. They are not producers or directors of production, and must depend for sustenance entirely upon the materialists who are out in the world battling for a living.

The Value of College Education

What return the college officials make to the working world for the aid given them is a question still to be determined. So far as my experience goes the young men whom they turn out for us are better workers and more successful than the young men who have not had the benefit of a college course. A college education certainly has a broadening and refining effect unless it goes to the other extreme and makes a prig of a man. But the results achieved by college graduates in competition with non-graduates are not sufficiently pronounced, so far as we have gone, to set it down as a hard and fast proposition that a higher education is required by a man in a business career, and that with it he gives better results to his employer. The question must be left open for some years to come, until we have had an opportunity to observe more closely and scientifically. To-day equally good authorities may be found on either side of the proposition.

But a question that is not open to discussion is the enormous advantage that accrues to the educational interests from our great business development. It is poor policy, therefore, for the college people to cry out against "commercialism" and "money making," and there is about it, in addition, a decided flavor of ingratitude when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. It is harmful, too. It encourages the tendency that exists already too strongly in certain circles of society to look down on the worker. This tendency breeds priggishness in many quarters, notably in the colleges. Many of the young men leave their Alma Mater with a distaste for the practical work of the world and a feeling bordering on contempt for the worker. Such a feeling is not wholesome for society, nor good for our political institutions.

What we want to breed in our young men is the wholesome conviction that nobody in this world has any business to exist without work; that true happiness is to be achieved only by the worker, not by the idler or dawdler; that the man who labors to the best of his ability in the field in which he finds himself is the only one for whom the world has any use. There is already too great a natural tendency to shirk work, without having such a tendency fostered artificially. Somehow we are getting in the habit of believing that we are suffering from overwork, and our young men in every field are only too ready to accept this delusive idea. There are many forms of mental labor that admit of only a limited number of hours of steady employment, but in most forms of manual labor ten hours constitute only a fair day, and, if the man is constituted to do the work at all, a ten-hour day will not injure him. A twelve or fourteen hour day would undoubtedly be harmful physically, but a ten-hour day is a very reasonable proposition, and the man who cuts it down to eight is robbing himself and society of twenty-five per cent. of the results that he has been put into this world to achieve.

It is the constant cry against so-called overwork, that has gone up in recent years, that has bred the desire, first to cut down work to the minimum, and then to get along without doing any work at all. Out of this desire has grown the foolish mania for speculation which has done so much harm, and which, unless curbed in the young man when he starts out in life, will undoubtedly spell ruin for him.

Our Big Self-Made Men

Nearly all the men at the head of our big enterprises are self-made. Many of them are very young men, of whom few had any special influence. They arrived where they are by hard work and by using their brains to the best advantage. It would be difficult to find in this company of young workers any one who made money by speculation. Capital is conservative. It will not trust itself in the hands of a man who is known as a stock speculator, no matter on how small a scale.

Recent events have shown that our business interests are steadily getting further away from the influence of speculation. We have had several speculative flurries that in other times might have affected the prosperity of the whole country. As it is, they were hardly felt in the business community outside of the ranks of the unfortunate ones who were directly concerned. Many people are beginning to realize that speculative values are not true values. Unfortunately this knowledge is not yet as widespread as it should be, and the element that buys stocks without knowing anything about the property represented is still a large one. They follow blindly the lead of this man or that, or the "tips" and suggestions of irresponsible publications. As long as this continues the danger of senseless panics is always present. The younger generation will, it is to be hoped, be wiser in this respect. It should learn to post itself carefully as to true values before venturing on investments. It should leave speculation severely alone.

A New Source of Strength

SOMETHING new in the way of iron for people who need strength comes from Berlin.

The process is somewhat indirect, the iron being fed preliminarily to hens, which take it into their systems in the form of a "saccharate"—a carbonate of iron mixed with twenty per cent. of powdered sugar. This stuff is stirred up with the mush they eat, and, as a result, the eggs they lay are found to contain considerable amounts of iron.

The eggs, cooked in any way that may be desired, are then furnished to the invalids, and the iron thus conveyed is found to be readily absorbed and taken up by the blood.

A Credit to any Occasion

Bremner's Butter Wafers

Thin, crisp, delicate biscuit, that give to a simple meal the tone of elegance.

National Biscuit Company.

B. ELDREDGE AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.

Easy Running. High Speed. Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
BELVIDERE, ILL.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Now We Have It!

A Perfect Steam Cooker

With doors. Don't miss it. Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful saving of fuel and labor. Get it for your home and summer cottage. **Special rate for ten days. Agents wanted,** salary and commission. **Write for descriptive matter to-day.**

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO., 56 Ontario Building, TOLEDO, O.

KNOX'S GELATINE

mixed with fresh fruit makes a delightful and simple summer dessert. Full directions in my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which I will mail FREE if you will send your grocer's name or a 2-cent stamp. For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 10c., the book and full 2-quart package (enough for 30c.) which will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly and contains pink color for fancy desserts.

CHAS. B. KNOX
53 Knox Av., Johnstown, N. Y.

IMPROVED
SELF ACTING HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLER
The small tacks required to attach shades to rollers sometimes develop a tendency to wander from the straight line, and the more aggravated you become the worse they get. The
Improved Hartshorn Shade Roller
does away with all tacks and the time and trouble incident to their use, because it has patent holders for fastening the shade. If you want your shade to run true, to wear well, and to give entire satisfaction, be sure to get the genuine Hartshorn Shade Roller, and look on label for the autograph signature of
Stewart Hartshorn
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

An Education Without Cost

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course (all expenses paid) in any college or conservatory in the country, in return for work done for the magazine. If you are interested send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

On Jellies
Preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of refined
PARAFFINE WAX
Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof. Paraffine Wax is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each pound package. Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL COMPANY

PHARMACY Teaching and Reciting BY MAIL
A complete Pharmaceutical Education; prepares for registered Pharmacist or advanced standing in resident colleges. Diploma granted. Best course. Use spare hours. Begin now. Write to-day for catalogue and full particulars. National Correspondence School of Pharmacy, 11 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

KITSELMAN ORNAMENTAL FENCE
Excels in strength, beauty and durability. Made of steel and iron. Cheaper than wood. 50 Designs. Catalog free.
KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box 0-109, Muncie, Ind.

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free.
STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through advertisement without charge in The Patent Record. Sample copy free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PERFECT SUSPENDERATION
GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS have absolutely indestructible buttonholes, and are perfect in all respects. If your dealer tries to make you buy imitations, send 50 cents for sample pair to
OSTHEIMER BROTHERS, 621 Broadway, New York City

TELEGRAPHY
Taught thoroughly. Total Cost, Tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6-months' course, $52. Can be reduced one-half; great demand for operators; school organized 1874. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, Valparaiso, Ind.

"Publick Occurrences"

A New Bureau of Forestry

It is confidently expected that before long all of the forestry work of the Government will be placed in the hands of a single Forestry Bureau. At the present time matters pertaining to forestry are divided between the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture. A division of the Department of Agriculture has charge of certain technical work in regard to the forests, such as the making of working plans for economical lumbering, and the Land Office of the Interior Department has an allowance of $300,000 annually for administering the Forest Reserves.

The Departments of Agriculture and of the Interior are agreed that it would be much better to refer all of the forest work, both administrative and technical, to a single Bureau. As yet, however, Congress has not taken the action requisite for bringing about such an arrangement, and so it has been decided to go ahead for the present on a sort of temporary understanding. The police and patrol of the Reserves will remain under the Interior Department, and the investigation and decision of all technical forestry questions will be in charge of the Forester of the Department of Agriculture.

The Secretary of the Interior says that the adoption of this temporary plan "will secure the execution of work indispensable to the use and preservation of the forests, for the lack of which they are now suffering." The Secretary says further that his plans for organizing a Forestry Bureau comprehend the carrying out of an extensive system of reforestration, on somewhat the plan successfully pursued in Germany.

A Head for the Bureau

Advices from Washington state that Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the Department of Agriculture, will probably be named as the chief of the new bureau. For years Mr. Pinchot has been an enthusiastic student of forestry, and is said to be the first American who studied forestry in Europe as a profession. He studied in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria, and thus prepared himself for an important work. He it was who systematically laid out the remarkable forest tract on the estate of Mr. George Vanderbilt, near Asheville, North Carolina, and since then he has been prominent as a leader in all matters appertaining to his profession. He was a member of the National Forest Commission which drew the boundaries of the Forest Reserves, provided for during President Cleveland's second term. He recently, in connection with other members of his family, endowed a professorship of forestry at Yale University.

The present Division of Forestry has already done remarkable work, not only in connection with the immense National Reserves, but in assisting individual owners who desire to be instructed as to the best management of their wooded lands. Assistance has already been asked for on something over three million acres.

Enormous Losses from Fire

It is not only in regard to the growth and management of forests, to the prevention of illegal lumbering on Government land, and to the instruction of forest owners that the new Bureau is expected to be of service to the country, but in the protection of forests from fire. Every spring the newspapers are filled with stories of blazing mountains, of houses destroyed, of lives lost or in jeopardy. Not only is this the case in the great forest sections of the West, but also in the older East. During the past spring there were fierce forest fires on Long Island, in the Wading River region; in Connecticut there were destructive fires in the Pillshire Woods; passengers between Philadelphia and Atlantic City saw great fires in the New Jersey forests; near Danville, Virginia, forest fires swept, destroying houses and orchards in their path; in parts of Pennsylvania there was also tremendous loss.

It is conservatively estimated by experts that the loss to the country by forest fires is annually some $50,000,000.

New Devices for Protection

Professor Fernow, of Cornell University, who is a member of the State Board of Forestry of New York, recently offered some suggestions as to the prevention of forest fires. He said that the removal of dead material from the woods is an important safeguard, as such material tends to the increase of fires that are once started. He also said that if coniferous and deciduous trees are mingled in a forest a fire is much more apt to be checked, for the more inflammable wood is thus scattered among the greener.

He believes, too, that the division of a forest into sections by means of lanes would make it much easier to restrict to a limited area a fire once begun. Ditching is also a good preventive, and he suggests that the trees forming the outer line of a wood or a laned-off section of a wood be of beech or aspen.

The Chief Fire Warden of the Department of Forestry of the State of Minnesota has recently been making urgent recommendations for the preservation of the forests of his State. He complains of the cutting of green and sound timber, and believes that fires are often started in the forest sections belonging to the State or to the Indians just to make a cause for cutting timber improperly.

It will make a difference of hundreds of dollars to every person who has to buy lumber in quantities in the next twenty-five years, he says, whether the State of Minnesota persists in what he terms its present wasteful consumption of forests or inaugurates measures for forest regeneration.

Forest Fires in Australia

It is interesting to notice, when considering the destruction of so much of our woods by fire, that Australia has recently suffered a serious fire scourge in its wooded regions. A great part of four of the Australian States, say the reports, was a mass of flame and smoke rising from leagues of flaming forests and burning grass. Fences, farm buildings and orchards were destroyed, many sheep and cattle were burned to death, and there were tales of terrible races for life by people almost cut off by the flames.

By Motor to the Pole

The United States is eagerly searching for the North Pole. Not only is Lieutenant Peary somewhere among the ice fields, with his wife following in search of him, and other seekers going after the wife (among them all something of value certainly should be discovered), but Mr. Evelyn B. Baldwin has just started on an expedition, equipped with enthusiasm and a unique outfit.

In ships and sledges, in snowshoes and food, the greatest care was shown in preparing for Mr. Baldwin's expedition; but there was much more than this also. On the whole, indeed, his expedition is deemed the best ever outfitted for Northern exploration. He arranged for four hundred Esquimau dogs, other explorers having come to grief through a shortage of them, and he will also have fifty Siberian ponies. Mr. Baldwin is an explorer of experience, having already been North in two expeditions. He also made a strong effort to accompany Andrée.

Perhaps it was his close thought in regard to Andrée that turned Mr. Baldwin's attention to balloons; but, in any case, he is carrying forty balloons with him. They are not, however, for men, but for marking the route. From time to time a balloon will be sent up; ten buoys hanging beneath one another will be attached to each balloon; an automatic liberator will detach the first buoy as soon as it strikes the earth when the decreasing gas lowers the balloon that far; when it is detached the lightened balloon rises, but after a while descends again, and another buoy will touch and be automatically detached; and so on till all the buoys have been dropped. In each buoy will be a message, and so, with the forty balloons, four hundred messages in all will be scattered over the Northern regions.

In a still more striking way Mr. Baldwin is showing American originality. He has taken with him a motor and hopes to find some big level ice field which he can rush over by means of this motor, and thus reach the Pole. The motor is a five-horse-power voiturette of the style that recently ran one thousand miles continuously.

Some half dozen nations are sending off Polar expeditions this year, and German shipbuilders at Wilhelmshaven are even constructing a submarine boat for Polar research.

Catalogue of Latest Models for a Stamp.
SMITH & WESSON
35 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
Pan-American Special
Lv. Chicago 6:00 p. m. — Ar. Buffalo 7:15 a. m.
" Buffalo 8:30 p. m. (E.T.) " Chicago 9:30 a. m.
"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note Book" and other booklets sent for 4c. postage.
O.W. Ruggles, Gen. Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., Chicago

BE A WRITER
Have you talent? Earn money at home writing stories and articles. Send stamp for our booklet, "WHAT WRITERS NEED." Manuscripts prepared for publication. WRITERS' AID ASSOCIATION, 150 A NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

YOUR SHOES WILL always look neat and clean if you use
Dykes' Shoe Polisher

Our polisher is new, novel and practically indestructible — better than a brush and costs less. Send 25 cents for postage and handling and get the brush practically free as it advertises Dykes' Rubber Heel. Your dealer has DYKES' RUBBER HEEL; if not send us outline of heel and 35 cents for a pair.
JOHN L. G. DYKES CO., Dept. F, 96-5th Ave., Chicago

New Buggy, $25.50

(With Top $33.00.) We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, all latest styles. Superior quality. Prices defy competition. The entire product of two enormous factories. Sold direct to the consumer only. Saves Dealers' Profit. Bottom approval. Your money back if not satisfied. Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER.
UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

The Ideal Steam Cooker

Patented Jan. 23, 1900.
Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas or common coal stove.
Reduces Fuel Bills One-half
Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. We quote special prices on copper and nickel-plated cookers, guarantee satisfaction and prompt express. Send for illustrated catalogue. Agents Wanted.
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

TELEGRAPHY Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc. thoroughly taught at EASTMAN. Positions obtained for graduates. CATALOGUE FREE. Address
C. C. GAINES, President, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

Her Mountain Lover

A close follower of Mr. Garland's literary fortunes would find interesting differences between his latest and his earliest work. There was at first an earnest but flat and persistent "realism"—how little we hear that word to-day—born very likely of the prairies, but somewhat wanting in the inspiration of their measureless roll. In Her Mountain Lover (*The Century Company*) there is still realism, but it is more conscious and sophisticated. Years have brought to Mr. Garland, as to everybody else, a measure of yielding to established method, and a recognition of the safety, not to say profitableness, of the old faiths. Not that he has grown old in his craft, for there is no lack of vivacity and personality, but the story is somehow told much as another trained pen would tell it. Literary conscience and literary consciousness are not the same thing, and I am not sure that Mr. Garland enters as unaffectedly as of yore into the characters of his new book and their motives.

Jim Matteson is a free-hand sketch of the unspoiled man, honest, direct, full of natural and delicate sentiment, and drawing labored breath away from his own mountain air. Singularly pure in heart, he is chivalrous to a degree toward women, and for this reason is susceptible to what used to be called their "wiles." There is a mine to sell, and Jim, embarking reluctantly in a "big canoe," as he with almost literary affectation calls the steamer, crosses the ocean to lay his proposition before moneyed men in England. On the passage he is stirred profoundly by seasickness, and views the ocean with entire dissatisfaction. There are, however, tender memories, mingled with his dejection, of a girl of obvious merit whom he has left after a few hours' acquaintance in Chicago.

Arrived in London, and with the Atlantic between him and Bessie, he tastes the lotus sufficiently to find great consolation in the company of a young Irish writer, Mary Brien, who sought experiences for "copy," and suffered from emotional hypertrophy. Jim was too keen and too clean-hearted to get badly nipped. In fact Miss Brien gets rather the worse of an innocent dalliance.

Sick for his Colorado mountains, and insufferably bored by the relative insignificance of London town, he "hits the trail" for home, where, of course, Bessie is waiting, though a little coquettishly, for the inevitable.

Jim's attitude toward overripe civilization is dazzlingly frank. New York and London only weary him, as uninteresting phases of the "low country." Surely England was never before glanced at with such entire insouciance—Jim is the forerunner of Macaulay's New Zealander. It is not possible that this episode is a faithful reminiscence of Mr. Garland's impression on his own first trip abroad?

In spite of a suspicion that Jim is a more or less artificial product of the author's later and more bookish manner, he is very charming and simple, even if he is not convincing.

—*Lindsay Swift.*

How Will Payne Found a Story

It is not often that a novelist finds the main action of a story "ready made" and waiting for him. Such, however, was the rare fortune of Mr. Will Payne with regard to the serial, The End of the Deal, which is shortly to appear in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. To a personal friend Mr. Payne gave this account of how he stumbled upon the theme of this stirring and closely-knit story of wheat speculation:

"After trading hours I happened to drop into a broker's office where veterans of the pit often gather for an informal chat. One remarked that, in his opinion, a certain nervy plunger who had cut a wide swath in the pit had about reached the end of his rope, and would go to the wall when he settled his pending deal. At once a man who had gone through all kinds of corners, panics and shake-outs laughed and said:

"'You can't tell about that. Some men don't know when they are broke. But there never was another case quite equal to that of Jones. He had been mixed up in a lot of big deals and had seen enough ups and downs to make a book. After making and losing three or four good fortunes he attempted to run a deal that outgrew his calculations. It carried him beyond his depth, and one day, at the close of trade, he sat down in his private office and figured out that the opposition crowd had him beat. The ugly figures he made on a trading card showed there was nothing left for him to do but crawl away to the country and call his career a failure.

"'Then, suddenly, it came to him how Barnes would gloat over his failure. This man who had always been against him, no matter on what side of the market he happened to be, would go about grinning like a hyena! The more Jones thought about this feature of his failure the fiercer he became. That was one thing, it seemed to him, he could not bear. Finally he brought his fist down on the table and vowed he wouldn't stand it. He simply would not give his old enemy the joy of attending his financial funeral. Ten minutes later he was in a cab, driving to various friends who had ready money and might possibly be induced to risk some of it. Before trade opened, next morning, he had pulled himself together and came out a modest winner; and all because, after he had given over the battle, he could not endure the thought of the triumph which his old antagonist in the pit would feel.'

"Here was not only the foundation but part of the framework of a story, and the novelette easily shaped itself. The work of putting it on paper was very simple—the story almost wrote itself, although I of course made its persons and accessories diverge widely from those of the actual occurrence."

Mr. Shaw's Minute Instructions

Few authors have a keener appreciation of the value of the physical form of a book than Mr. Bernard Shaw. Accompanying the manuscript of a recent book were several pages of minute directions governing every detail of the mechanical part of the work.

"Tell them to follow the typography without misgiving, putting the stage directions in square brackets (parentheses are incorrect) and putting the final stop outside the bracket, thus)., so as to avoid white spaces as much as possible. Also to omit apostrophes in donts, wonts, etc. If the printer demurs, ask him why a Bible always looks better than any other book. It is because there are no apostrophes in it."

The kind and sizes of type to be used, the style of make-up, the spacing, the kind and quality of paper, were all specified in an epistle to the foreman of the composing-room. This dignitary, it is said, held his peace until he reached the clause directing that "the period shall be omitted after Mr and Mrs" Then he said things which brought the whole "chapel" of typesetters into executive session.

But after all had passed upon the notions of the author, it was agreed that he knew "a thing or two about type."

Some of the New Books

Truth Dexter: Sidney McCall	Little, Brown & Co.
Under the Redwoods: Bret Harte	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip: Clara Louise Burnham	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Successors of Mary the First: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Philbrick Howell: Albert Kinross	Frederick A. Stokes Company
A Victim of Circumstances: Geraldine Anthony	Harper & Brothers
Labor: Translated from the French of Emile Zola	Harper & Brothers
The Spanish People: Martin A. S. Hume	D. Appleton & Co.
Bird-Life: Frank M. Chapman	D. Appleton & Co.
The Mystery of the Clasped Hands: Guy Boothby	D. Appleton & Co.
The Crossroads of Destiny: John P. Ritter	G. W. Dillingham Company
Norman Holt: General Charles King	G. W. Dillingham Company
The Niagara Book	Doubleday, Page & Co.
Juletty: Lucy Cleaver McElroy	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Monopolies Past and Present: James E. Le Rossignol	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Another Woman's Territory: "Alien"	T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Banff—Canadian Pacific Railway

Banff is a many-sided place. If you are an invalid and require the bracing effects of mountain air and the tonic of mineral waters, Banff will suit you. If you are an athlete burning to distinguish yourself by climbing almost inaccessible peaks, Banff will suit you. If you are a sportsman keen to draw a bead upon the mountain sheep, Banff is the very place you are looking for; and if you are a man of leisure seeking a perfectly appointed summer residence, where the days are long and bright, and the nights cool, and where opportunities for riding, sketching, fishing and botanizing are unlimited, by all means go to Banff.

In your Room.
Wash delicate things – handkerchiefs, laces, doilies etc., (things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash,) in Pearline's way, viz: Soak, rinse, squeeze – directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane. When dry they require no ironing. Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests, and for fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others' hands. Pearline is trust-worthy for washing and cleaning where-ever water can be used.
Avoid Imitations

Earned in Vacation

Next month about fifty young people will enter the foremost colleges and conservatories in the country at the expense of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This result was attained through pleasant work done in leisure hours during vacation. About a thousand others had previously secured educational courses by the same plan.

THE POST will send any young man or young woman to any college, conservatory, or other educational institution in America, in return for work done in leisure hours—all without a penny of expense to themselves. There is no competitive feature in these scholarship offers. The plan is simple and may be undertaken by any one. Even if, for any reason, after taking up the work you should decide not to take the course originally selected, every bit of work done will be liberally paid for in cash. You may learn all about it by addressing

The Educational Bureau
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

Opens up and is put on like a collar, shuts off when open, will not spatter. Showers whole body at once. Holds itself in position.

Melchers' Shower Yoke

makes possible in every home the daily shower bath, which is the true elixir of life for the busy, rushing, hustling, business man, whose constitution is run down through careless neglect, work, worry, late hours and overwork. The water treatment acts on the skin and the skin can retain one-half to two-thirds of the entire amount of the blood in the body. A quick, cool or cold shower bath brings the skin to a healthy action, stimulates the nerves, increases the blood circulation, throwing off diseases and hardening the system.

Melchers' Shower Yoke is the only appliance allowing perfect regulation of both temperature and pressure, providing mechanical features for quick showers.

Sent anywhere on receipt of price, $4.00 (express prepaid if you live east of the Mississippi River). Try it 30 days; if not perfectly satisfactory return **at our expense**, and your money back.

SENT FREE. Dr. Melchers' great book of 56 pages, "Shower Baths in Health and Sickness."

MEILINK MFG. COMPANY, Specialty Manufacturers, 1918 Jackson Ave., Toledo, O.